

MUSEUM

OF

Foreign Literature and Science.

PREFATORY MEMOIR TO SMOLLETT.

From the 2d vol. of Ballantyne's Novelist's Library, edited by Sir Walter Scott.

THE Life of SMOLLETT, whose genius has raised an imperishable monument to his fame, has been written, with spirit and elegance, by his friend and contemporary, the celebrated Dr. Moore, and more lately by Dr. Robert Anderson of Edinburgh, with a careful research, which leaves us little except the task of selection and abridgment.

Our author was descended from an ancient and honourable family, an advantage to which, from various passages in his writings, he seems to have attached considerable weight, and the consciousness of which seems to have contributed its share in forming some of the peculiarities of his character.

Sir James Smollett of Bonhill, the grandfather of the celebrated author, was bred to the bar, became one of the Commissaries, (*i. e.* Consistorial Judges) of Edinburgh, represented the burgh of Dunbarton in the Scottish Parliament, and lent his aid to dissolve that representative body for ever, being one of the Commissioners for framing the Union with England. By his lady, a daughter of Sir Aulay Mac-Aulay of Ardincaple, Sir James Smollett had four sons, of whom Archibald, the youngest, was father of the poet.

It appears that Archibald Smollett followed no profession, and that, without his father's consent, he married an amiable woman, Barbara, daughter of Mr. Cunningham, of Gilbertfield. The disunion betwixt the son and father, to which this act of imprudence gave rise, did not prevent Sir James Smollett from assigning to him, for his support, the house and farm of Dalquhurn, near his own mansion of Bonhill. Archibald Smollett died early, leaving two sons and a daughter wholly dependent on the kindness of his grandfather. The eldest son embraced the military life, and perished by the shipwreck of a transport. The daughter, Jane, married Mr. Telfer of Leadhills, and her descendant, Captain John Smollett, R. N., now represents the family, and possesses the estate of Bonhill. The second son of Archibald Smollett is the subject of this Memoir.

Tobias Smollett (baptized Tobias George) was born in 1721, in the old house of Dalquhurn, in the valley of Leven, in perhaps the most beautiful district in Britain. Its distinguished native has celebrated the vale of Leven not only in the beautiful ode addressed to his parent stream, but in the *Expedition of Humphrey Clinker*, where he mentions the home of his forefathers in the following

enthusiastic, yet not exaggerated terms: "A very little above the source of the Leven, on the lake, stands the house of Cameron, belonging to Mr. Smollett,* so embosomed in an oak wood, that we did not see it till we were within fifty yards of the door. The lake approaches on one side to within six or seven yards of the window. It might have been placed in a higher situation, which would have afforded a more extensive prospect, and a drier atmosphere; but this imperfection is not chargeable on the present proprietor, who purchased it ready built, rather than be at the trouble of repairing his own family-house of Bonhill, which stands two miles from hence on the Leven, so surrounded with plantations, that it used to be known by the name of the Mavis (or thrush) Nest. Above that house is a romantic glen, or cleft of a mountain, covered with hanging woods, having at bottom a stream of fine water that forms a number of cascades in its descent to join the Leven, so that the scene is quite enchanting.

"I have seen the Lago di Gardi, Albano de Vico, Bolsena, and Geneva, and I prefer Loch-Lomond to them all; a preference which is certainly owing to the verdant islands that seem to float upon its surface, affording the most enchanting objects of repose to the excursive view. Nor are the banks destitute of beauties which even partake of the sublime. On this side they display a sweet variety of woodland, corn-fields, and pasture, with several agreeable villas, emerging, as it were, out of the lake; till at some distance, the prospect terminates in huge mountains, covered with heath, which, being in the bloom, affords a very rich covering of purple. Every thing here is romantic beyond imagination. This country is justly styled the Arcadia of Scotland: I do not doubt but it may vie with Arcadia in every thing but climate. I am sure it excels it in verdure, wood, and water."

A poet, bred up amongst such scenes, must become doubly attached to his art; and accordingly it appears that Smollett was in the highest degree sensible of the beauties of nature, although his fame has chiefly risen upon his power of delineating human character. He obtained the rudiments of classical knowledge at the Dunbarton grammar-school, then taught by Mr. John Love, the scarce less learned antagonist of the learned Ruddiman. From thence he removed to Glasgow, where he pursued his studies with diligence and success, and was finally bound apprentice to Mr. John Gordon, an eminent surgeon. This destination was contrary to young Smollett's wishes, which strongly determined him to a military life; and he is supposed to have avenged himself both of his grandfather, who contradicted his inclinations, and of his master, by describing the former under the unamiable character of the old Judge, and the latter as Mr. Potion, the first master of *Roderick Random*. At a later period he did Mr. Gordon justice by mentioning him in the following terms: "I was introduced to Mr. Gordon," says Matthew Bramble, "a patriot of a truly noble spirit, who is father of the linen manufactory in that place, and was

* The late Commissary Smollett.

the great promoter of the city work-house, infirmary, and other works of public utility. Had he lived in ancient Rome, he would have been honoured with a statue at the public expense."

During his apprenticeship, Smollett's conduct indicated that love of frolic, practical jest, and playful mischief, of which his works show many proofs, and the young novelist gave also several proofs of his talents and propensity to satire. It is said, that his master expressed his conviction of Smollett's future eminence in very homely but expressive terms, when some of his neighbours were boasting the superior decorum and propriety of their young pupils. "It may be all very true," said the keen-sighted Mr. Gordon; "but give me, before them all, my own bubbly-nosed callant, with the stane in his pouch."

In the eighteenth year of Smollett's life, his grandfather, Sir James, died, and made no provision by his will for the children of his youngest son, a neglect which, joined to other circumstances already mentioned, procured him from his irritable descendant the painful distinction which the old Judge holds in the narrative of *Roderick Random*.

Without efficient patronage of any kind, Smollett, in his nineteenth year, went to London to seek his fortune wherever he might find it. He carried with him the *Regicide*, a tragedy, written during the progress of his studies, but which, though it evinces in particular passages the genius of the author, cannot be termed with justice a performance suited for the stage. Lord Littleton, as a patron—Garriek and Laey, as managers—gave the youthful author some encouragement, which, perhaps, the sanguine temper of Smollett over-rated; for, in the story of Mr. Melopoyne, where he gives the history of his attempts to bring the *Regicide* on the stage, the patron and the manager are not spared; and, in *Peregrine Pickle*, the personage of Gosling Serag, which occurs in the first edition only, is meant to represent Lord Lyttleton. The story is more briefly told in the preface to the first edition of the *Regicide*, where the author informs us that his tragedy "was taken into the protection of one of those little fellows who are sometimes called great men, and, like other orphans, neglected accordingly. Stung with resentment, which I mistook for contempt, I resolved to punish this barbarous indifference, and actually discarded my patron; consoling myself with the barren praise of a few associates, who, in the most indefatigable manner, employed their time and influence in collecting from all quarters observations on my piece, which, in consequence of those suggestions, put on a new appearance almost every day, until my occasions called me out of the kingdom."

Disappointed in the hopes he had founded on in his theatrical attempt, Smollett accepted the situation of surgeon's mate on board of a ship of the line, in the expedition to Carthage, in 1741, of which he published a short account in *Roderick Random*, and a longer narrative in a *Compendium of Voyages*, published in 1751.

But the term of our author's service in the navy was chiefly remarkable for his having acquired, in that brief space, such intimate knowledge of our nautical world, as enabled him to describe sailors with such truth and spirit of delineation, that from that time whoever has undertaken the same task has seemed to copy more from Smollett than from nature. Our author quitted the navy, in disgust alike with the drudgery, and with the despotic discipline, which in those days was qualified by no urbanity on the part of superior officers, and which exposed subordinates in the service to such mortifications, as a haughty spirit like that of Smollett could very ill endure. He left the service in the West Indies, and after a residence of some time in the island of Jamaica, returned to England in 1746.

It was at this time, when, incensed at the brutal severities exercised by the government's troops in the Highlands, to which romantic regions he was a neighbour by birth, Smollett wrote the pathetic, spirited, and patriotic verses entitled *The Tears of Caledonia*. The late Robert Graham, Esq. of Gartmore, a particular friend and trustee of Smollett, has recorded the manner in which this effusion was poured forth. "Some gentlemen having met at a tavern, were amusing themselves before supper with a game at cards; while Smollett, not choosing to play, sat down to write. One of the company, who also was nominated by him one of his trustees, (Gartmore himself,) observing his earnestness, and supposing he was writing verses, asked him if it was not so. He accordingly read them the first sketch of his *Tears of Scotland*, consisting only of six stanzas; and on their remarking that the termination of the poem, being too strongly expressed, might give offence to persons whose political opinions were different, he sat down, without reply, and, with an air of great indignation, subjoined the concluding stanza:

"While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my Country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat.
Yes, spite of thine insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow.
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn,
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!"

Smollett was now settled in London, and commenced his career as a professional man. He was not successful as a physician, probably because his independent and haughty spirit neglected the bye-paths which lead to fame in that profession. One account says, that he failed to render himself agreeable to his female patients, certainly not from want of address or figure, for both were remarkably pleasing, but more probably by a hasty impatience of listening to petty complaints, and a want of sympathy with those who laboured under no real indisposition. It is remarkable, that although very many, perhaps the greatest number of successful medical men, have assumed a despotic authority over their patients

after their character was established, few or none have risen to pre-eminence in practice who used the same want of ceremony in the commencement of their career. Perhaps, however, Dr. Smollett was too soon discouraged, and abandoned prematurely a profession in which success is proverbially slow.

Smollett, who must have felt his own powers, had naturally recourse to his pen, and besides repeated attempts to get his tragedy acted, sent forth, in 1746, *Advice*, and in 1747, *Reproof*, both poetical satires possessed of considerable merit, but which only influenced the fate of the author, as they increased the number of his personal enemies. Rich, the manager, was particularly satirized in *Reproof*. Smollett had written for the Covent Garden theatre an opera called *Alceste*, which was not acted in consequence of some quarrel betwixt the author and manager, which Smollett thus avenged.

About 1747, Smollett was married to Miss Lascelles, a beautiful and accomplished woman, to whom he had become attached in the West Indies. Instead of an expected fortune of £3000, he gained by this connexion only a lawsuit, and the increased expense of house-keeping, which he was still less able to afford, and which again obliged him to have recourse to his literary talents.

Necessity is the mother of invention in literature as well as in the arts, and the necessity of Smollett brought him forth in his pre-eminent character of a Novelist. *Roderick Random* may be considered as an imitation of Le Sage, as the hero flits through almost every scene of public and private life, recording, as he paints his own adventures, the manners of the times, with all their various shades and diversities of colouring; but forming no connected plot or story, the several parts of which hold connexion with, or bear proportion to, each other. It was the second example of the minor romance, or English novel. Fielding had shortly before set the example in his *Tom Jones*, and a rival of almost equal eminence, in 1748, brought forth the *Adventures of Roderick Random*, a work which was eagerly received by the public, and brought both reputation and profit to the author.

It was generally believed that Smollett painted some of his own early adventures under the veil of fiction; but the public carried the spirit of applying the characters of a work of fiction to living personages much farther perhaps than the author intended. Gawkey, Crabbe, and Potion, were assigned to individuals in the West of Scotland; Mrs. Smollett was supposed to be Narcissa; the author himself represented Roderick Random; (of which there can be little doubt,) a book-binder and barber, the early acquaintances of Dr. Smollett, contended for the character of the attached, amiable, simple-hearted Strap; and the two naval officers under whom Smollett had served, were stigmatized under the names of Oakum and Whiffle. Certain it is, that the contempt with which his unfortunate play had been treated forms the basis of Mr. Melopoy'n's story, in which Garrick and Lyttleton are roughly treated

under the characters of Marmozet and Sheerwit. The public did not taste less keenly the real merits of this interesting and humorous work, because they conceived it to possess the zest arising from personal allusion; and the sale of the work exceeded greatly the expectations of all concerned.

Having now the ear of the public, Smollett published, by subscription, his unfortunate tragedy, the *Regicide*, in order to shame those who had barred his access to the stage. The preface is filled with complaints, which are neither just nor manly, and with strictures upon Garrick and Lyttleton, which amount almost to abuse. The merits of the piece by no means vindicate this extreme resentment on the part of the author, and of this Smollett himself became at length sensible. He was impetuous, but not sullen in his resentment, and generously allowed, in his *History of England*, the full merit, to those whom, in the first impulse of passion and disappointment, he had treated with injustice.*

In 1750, Smollett made a tour to Paris, where he gleaned materials for future works of fiction, besides enlarging his acquaintance with life and manners. A coxcomb painter, whom he met on this occasion, formed the original of the exquisite Pallet, while Dr. Akenside, a man of a very different character, was marked the future prey of satire as the pedantic Doctor of medicine. He is said to have offended Smollett by some national reflections on Scotland,

* Desirous, "of doing justice in a work of truth for wrongs done in a work of fiction," (to use his own expression,) in giving a sketch of the liberal arts in his *History of England*, he remarked, "the exhibitions of the stage were improved to the most exquisite entertainment by the talents and management of Garrick, who greatly surpassed all his predecessors of this, and perhaps every other nation, in his genius for acting, in the sweetness and variety of his tones, the irresistible magic of his eye, the fire and vivacity of his action, the elegance of attitude, and the whole pathos of expression."

"Candidates for literary fame appeared even in the higher sphere of life, embellished by the nervous sense and extensive erudition of a Corke, by the delicate taste, the polished muse, and tender feelings of a Lyttleton."

Not satisfied with this public declaration of his sentiments, he wrote in still stronger terms to Mr. Garrick:

Chelsea, Jan. 27, 1762.

"DEAR SIR,—I this morning received your *Winter's Tale*, and am agreeably flattered by this mark of your attention. What I have said of Mr. Garrick, in the *History of England*, was, I protest, the language of my heart. I shall rejoice if he thinks I have done him barely justice. I am sure the public will think I have done him no more than justice. In giving a short sketch of the liberal arts, I could not, with any propriety, forbear mentioning a gentleman so eminently distinguished by a genius that has no rival. Besides, I thought it was a duty incumbent on me in particular to make a public atonement in a work of truth for wrongs done him in a work of fiction."

"Among the other inconveniences arising from ill-health, I deeply regret my being disabled from a personal cultivation of your good will, and the unspeakable enjoyment I should sometimes derive from your private conversation, as well as from the public exertion of your talents; but sequestered as I am from the world of entertainment, the consciousness of standing well in your opinion will ever afford singular satisfaction to,

"Dear Sir,

"Your very humble servant,

"T. SMOLLETT."

while his extravagant zeal for liberty, which was in no great danger, and his pedantic and exclusive admiration of the manners of classical antiquity, afforded, as Smollett has drawn them, an ample fund of ridicule.

Peregrine Pickle, is supposed to have been written chiefly in Paris, and appeared in 1751. It was received by the public with uncommon avidity, and a large impression dispersed, notwithstanding the efforts of certain booksellers and others whom Smollett accuses of attempts to obstruct the sale, the book being published on account of the author himself. His irritable temper induced him to run hastily before the public with complaints, which, howsoever well or ill-grounded, the public has been at all times accustomed to hear with great indifference. Many professional authors, philosophers, and other public characters of the time were also satirized with little restraint.

The splendid merit of the work itself was a much greater victory over the author's enemies, if he really had such, than any which he could gain by personal altercation with unworthy opponents. Yet by many his second novel was not thought quite equal to his first. In truth, there occurs betwixt *Roderick Random* and *Peregrine Pickle* a difference, which is often observed betwixt the first and second efforts of authors who have been successful in this line. *Peregrine Pickle* is more finished, more sedulously laboured into excellence, exhibits scenes of more accumulated interest, and presents a richer variety of character and adventure than *Roderick Random*; but yet there is an ease and simplicity in the first novel which is not quite attained in the second, where the author has substituted splendour of colouring for simplicity of outline. Thus, of the inimitable sea-characters, Trunnion, Pipes, and even Hatchway, border upon caricature; but Lieutenant Bowling and Jack Rattlin are truth and nature itself. The reason seems to be, that when an author brings forth his first representation of any class of characters, he seizes on the leading and striking outlines, and therefore, in the second attempt of the same kind, he is forced to make some distinction, and either to invest his personage with less obvious and ordinary traits of character, or to place him in a new and less natural light. Hence, it would seem, the difference in opinion which sometimes occurs betwixt the author and the reader, respecting the comparative value of early and of subsequent publications. The author naturally prefers that upon which he is conscious much more labour has been bestowed, while the public often remain constant to their first love, and prefer the facility and truth of the earlier work to the more elaborate execution displayed in those which follow it. But though the simplicity of its predecessor was not, and could not be, repeated in Smollett's second novel, his powers are so far from evincing any falling off, that in *Peregrine Pickle* there is a much wider range of character and incident, than is exhibited in *Roderick Random*, as well as a more

rich and brilliant display of the talents and humour of the distinguished author.

Peregrine Pickle did not, however, owe its success entirely to its intrinsic merit. The Memoirs of a Lady of Quality, a separate tale, thrust into the work, with which it has no sort of connexion, in the manner introduced by Cervantes, and followed by Le Sage and Fielding, added considerably to its immediate popularity. These Memoirs, which are now regarded as a tiresome and unnecessary excrescence upon the main story, contain the history of Lady Vane, renowned at that time for her beauty, and her intrigues.* The lady not only furnished Smollett with the materials for recording her own infamy; but it is said, rewarded him handsomely for the insertion of her story. Mr. Mac-Kercher, a character of a different description, was also introduced. He was remarkable for the benevolent Quixotry with which he supported the pretensions of the unfortunate Mr. Annesley, a claimant of the title and property of Anglesea. The public took the interest in the frailties of Lady Vane, and the benevolence of Mr. Mac-Kercher, which they always take in the history of living and remarkable characters; and the anecdotes respecting the demirep and the man of charity, greatly promoted the instant popularity of *Peregrine Pickle*.

The extreme license of some of the scenes described in this novel, gave just offence to the thinking part of the public; and the work, in conformity to their just complaints, was much altered in the second edition. The preliminary advertisement has these words:—"It was the author's duty, as well as his interest, to oblige the public with this edition, which he has endeavoured to render less unworthy of their acceptance, by retrenching the superfluities of the first, reforming its manners, and correcting its expression. Divers uninteresting incidents are wholly suppressed; some humorous scenes he has endeavoured to heighten; and he flatters himself that he has expunged every adventure, phrase, and insinuation, that could be construed by the most delicate reader into a trespass upon the rules of decorum.

"He owns with contrition, that, in one or two instances, he gave way too much to the suggestions of personal resentment, and represented characters, as they appeared to him at the time, through the exaggerated medium of prejudice. But he has in this impression endeavoured to make atonement for these extravagancies. Howsoever he may have erred in point of judgment or discretion, he defies the whole world to prove that he was ever guilty of one act of malice, ingratitude, or dishonour. This declaration he may

* Lady Vane was the daughter of Francis Hawes, Esq. of Purley-Hall, near Reading in Berkshire, one of the South-Sea Directors in 1720, and married, about the beginning of 1732, at the age of seventeen, to Lord William Hamilton, who dying July 11, 1734, she married, May 19, 1735, Lord Viscount Vane, of the kingdom of Ireland, with whom she had various scandalous law-suits, and died in London, March 31, 1788, in the 72d year of her life.

be permitted to make without incurring the imputation of vanity or presumption, considering the numerous shafts of envy, rancour, and revenge, that have lately, both in public and private, been levelled at his reputation."

In reference to this palinode, we may barely observe, that the passages retrenched in the second edition are, generally speaking, the detail of those frolics in which the author has permitted his turn for humour greatly to outrun his sense of decency and propriety; and, in this respect, notwithstanding what he himself says in the passage just quoted, the work would have been much improved by a more unsparing application of the pruning knife. Several personal reflections were also omitted, particularly those on Lyttleton and Fielding, whom he had upbraided for his dependence on that statesman's patronage.*

Dr. Anderson informs us, that, "at this period, Smollett seems to have obtained the degree of Doctor of Physic, probably from a foreign University, and announced himself a candidate for fame and fortune as a physician, by a publication entitled, 'An Essay on the External Use of Water, in a Letter to Dr. —, with particular remarks upon the present method of using the mineral waters at Bath in Somersetshire, and a plan for rendering them more safe, agreeable, and efficacious; 4to, 1752.' The performance advanced his reputation as a man of science and taste, but failed to conduct the physician to professional eminence and wealth. This is the only publication in the line of his profession which is known to have proceeded from his pen." If the Essay was intended to serve as an introduction to practice, it was totally unsuccessful. Perhaps Smollett's character as a satirist, and the readiness he had shown to ingraft the character and history of individuals into works of fiction, were serious obstacles to him in a character which demands so much confidence as that of a family physician. But it is probable that the author's chief object in the publication was to assist the cause of a particular friend, Mr. Cleland, a surgeon at Bath, then engaged in a controversy concerning the use of these celebrated waters.

In the year 1753, Dr. Smollett published *The Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom*, one of those works which seem to have been written for the purpose of showing how far humour and genius can go, in painting a complete picture of human depravity. Smollett has made his own defence for the loathsome task which

* Lyttleton's celebrated Monody on the Death of his Wife, was ridiculed by a burlesque Ode on the Death of my Grand-mother; and the nature of his patronage to Fielding was thus contemptuously noticed, in a recommendation to a young author to feed the vanity of Gosling Scrag, Esq. "I advise Mr. Spondy to give him the refusal of this same pastoral; and who knows but he may have the good fortune of being listed in the number of his beef-eaters, in which case he may, in process of time, be provided for in the Customs or Church: and when he is inclined to marry his own cook-maid, his gracious patron may condescend to give the bride away; and may finally settle him in his old age as a trading Westminster Justice."—*Peregrine Pickle*, Edit. 1751, vol. IV. p. 123.

he has undertaken. "Let me not," says he, in the dedication to Dr ———, (we are unable to supply the blank,) "be condemned for having chosen my principal character from the purloins of treachery and fraud, when I declare my purpose is to set him up as a beacon for the benefit of the inexperienced and unwary, who, from the perusal of these memoirs, may learn to avoid the manifold snares with which they are continually surrounded in the paths of life, while those who hesitate on the brink of iniquity may be terrified from plunging into that irremediable gulf, by surveying the deplorable fate of Ferdinand Count Fathom." But, while we do justice to the author's motives, we are obliged to deny the validity of his reasoning. To a reader of a good disposition and well regulated mind, the picture of moral depravity presented in the character of Count Fathom is a disgusting pollution of the imagination. To those, on the other hand, who hesitate on the brink of meditated iniquity, it is not safe to detail the arts by which the ingenuity of villainy has triumphed in former instances; and it is well known that the publication of the real account of uncommon crimes, although attended by the public and infamous punishment of the perpetrators, has often had the effect of stimulating others to similar actions. To some unhappy minds it may occur as a sort of extenuation of the crime which they meditate, that even if they carry their purpose into execution, their guilt will fall far short of what the author has ascribed to his fictitious character; and there are other imaginations so ill regulated, that they catch infection from stories of wickedness, and feel an insane impulse to emulate and to realize the pictures of villainy, which are embodied in such narratives as those of Zeluco or Count Fathom.

Condemning, however, the scope and tendency of the work, it is impossible to deny our applause to the wonderful knowledge of life and manners, which is evinced in the tale of *Count Fathom*, as much as in any of Smollett's works. The horrible adventure in the hut of the robbers, is a tale of natural terror which rises into the sublime; and, though often imitated, has never yet been surpassed, or perhaps equalled. In *Count Fathom* also is to be found the first candid attempt to do justice to a calumniated race. The benevolent Jew of Cumberland had his prototype in the worthy Israelite whom Smollett has introduced into the history of *Fathom*.

Shortly after this publication, Smollett's warmth of temper involved him in an unpleasant embarrassment. A person, called Peter Gordon, after having been saved by Smollett's humanity from imprisonment and ruin, and after having prevailed upon him to interpose his credit in his behalf to an inconvenient extent, withdrew within the verge of the court, set his creditors at defiance, and treated his benefactor with so much personal insolence, that Smollett chastised him by a beating. A prosecution was commenced by Gordon, and his counsel, Mr. Home Campbell, whether in indulgence of his natural rudeness and impetuosity, of which he had a great share, or whether moved by some special enmity

against Smollett, opened the case with an unusual torrent of violence and misrepresentation. But the good sense and impartiality of the jury acquitted Smollett of the assault, and he was no sooner cleared of the charge than he sent an angry remonstrance to Mr. Home Campbell, demanding that he should retract what he had said to his disadvantage. It does not appear how the affair was settled, but Smollett's manifesto may be read in his life by Dr. Moore, as well as in that of Dr. Anderson. Besides that this expostulation is too long for the occasion, and far too violent to be dignified, Smollett imputes to Campbell the improbable charge, that he was desirous to revenge himself upon the author of *Ferdinand Count Fathom*, because he had satirized the profession of the law. Lawyers are seldom very sensitive on this head, and if they were, they would have constant exercise for their irritability; since scarce a satirical author, of whatsoever description, has concluded his work, without giving cause to the gentlemen of the robe for some such offence, as Smollett supposes Campbell to have taken in the present instance.

Smollett's next task was a new version of *Don Quixote*, to which he was encouraged by a liberal subscription. The work was inscribed by Don Ricardo Wall, Principal Secretary of State, to his Most Catholic Majesty, by whom the undertaking had been encouraged. Smollett's version of this admirable classic is thus elegantly compared with those of Motteux, (or Ozell,) and of Jarvis, by the late ingenious and amiable Lord Woodhouselee, in his "Essay on the Principles of Translation."

"Smollett inherited from nature a strong sense of ridicule, a great fund of original humour, and a happy versatility of talent, by which he could accommodate his style to almost every species of writing. He could adopt, alternately, the solemn, the lively, the sarcastic, the burlesque, and the vulgar. To these qualifications, he joined an inventive genius, and a vigorous imagination. As he possessed talents equal to the composition of original works of the same species with the romance of Cervantes; so it is not perhaps possible to conceive a writer more completely qualified to give a perfect translation of that novel.

"Motteux, with no great abilities as an original writer, appears to me to have been endowed with a strong perception of the ridiculous in human character, a just discernment of the weaknesses and follies of mankind. He seems likewise to have had a great command of the various styles which are accommodated to the expression both of grave burlesque, and of low humour. Inferior to Smollett in inventive genius, he seems to have equalled him in every quality which was essentially requisite to a translator of *Don Quixote*. It may, therefore, be supposed, that the contest between them will be nearly equal, and the question of preference very difficult to be decided. It would have been so, had Smollett confided in his own strength, and bestowed on his task that time and labour which the length and difficulty of the work required;

but Smollett too often wrote in such circumstances, that despatch was his primary object. He found various English translations at hand, which he judged might save him the labour of a new composition. Jarvis could give him faithfully the sense of his author; and it was necessary only to polish his asperities, and lighten his heavy and awkward phraseology. To contend with Motteux, Smollett found it necessary to assume the armour of Jarvis. This author had purposely avoided, through the whole of his work, the smallest coincidence of expression with Motteux, whom, with equal presumption and injustice, he accuses in his preface of having 'taken his version wholly from the French.' We find, therefore, both in the translation of Jarvis, and that of Smollett, which is little else than an improved edition of the former, that there is a studied rejection of the phraseology of Motteux. Now Motteux, though he has frequently assumed too great a license, both in adding to, and retrenching from the ideas of his original, has, upon the whole, a very high degree of merit as a translator. In the adoption of corresponding idioms, he has been eminently fortunate; and, as in these there is no great latitude, he has, in general, preoccupied the appropriate phrases; so that a succeeding translator, who proceeded on the rule of invariably rejecting his phraseology, must have, in general, altered for the worse. Such, I have said, was the rule laid down by Jarvis, and by his copyist and improver Smollett, who, by thus absurdly rejecting what his own judgment and taste must have approved, has produced a composition decidedly inferior, on the whole, to that of Motteux.

"Smollett was a good poet, and most of the verse translations, interspersed through this work, are executed with ability. It is on this head that Motteux has assumed to himself the greatest license. He has very presumptuously mutilated the poetry of Cervantes, by leaving out many entire stanzas from the larger compositions, and suppressing some of the smaller altogether. Yet the translation of those poems which he has retained, is possessed of much poetical merit, and, in particular, those verses which are of a graver cast, are, in my opinion, superior to those of his rival.

"On the whole, I am inclined to think, the version of Motteux is by far the best we have yet seen of the romance of Cervantes, and that, if corrected in its licentious observations and enlargements, and in some other particulars, which I have noticed in the course of this comparison, we should have nothing to desire superior to it in the way of translation."

After the publication of *Don Quixote*, Smollett paid a visit to his native country, in order to see his mother, who then resided at Scotston, in Peebles-shire, with her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Telfer. Dr. Moore has given us the following beautiful anecdote respecting the meeting of the mother with her distinguished son.

"On Smollett's arrival, he was introduced to his mother, with

the connivance of Mrs. Telfer, as a gentleman from the West Indies, who was intimately acquainted with her son. The better to support his assumed character, he endeavoured to preserve a serious countenance, approaching to a frown; but, while his mother's eyes were rivetted on his countenance, he could not refrain from smiling: She immediately sprung from her chair, and, throwing her arms around his neck, exclaimed, 'Ah, my son! my son! I have found you at last!'

"She afterwards told him, that if he had kept his austere looks, and continued to *gloom*, he might have escaped detection some time longer; 'but your old roguish smile,' added she, 'betrayed you at once.'"

Having revisited the seat of his family, then possessed by his cousin, and spent a day or two at Glasgow, the scene of his early studies and frolics, Smollett returned to England, in order to undertake the direction of the *Critical Review*, a work which was established under patronage of the Tories and High-Church party; and which was intended to maintain their principles, in opposition to the *Monthly Review*, conducted according to the sentiments of Whigs and Low-Church-men.

Smollett's taste and talents qualified him highly for periodical criticism, as well as the promptitude of his wit, and the ready application which he could make of a large store of miscellaneous learning and acquired knowledge. But, on the other hand, he was always a hasty, and often a prejudiced judge; and, while he himself applied the critical scourge without mercy, he could not endure that those who felt his blows should either wince or complain under his chastisement. To murmur against his decrees, was the sure way to incur further marks of his resentment, and thus his criticism deviated still farther from dispassionate discussion, as the passions of the reviewer and of the author became excited into a clamorous contest of mutual rejoinder, recrimination, and abuse. Many petty squabbles, which occurred to tease and embitter the life of Smollett, and to diminish the respectability with which his talents must otherwise have invested him, had their origin in his situation as Editor of the *Critical Review*. He was engaged in one controversy with the notorious Shebbeare, in another with Dr. Grainger, the elegant author of the beautiful Ode to Solitude, and in several wrangles and brawls with persons of less celebrity.

But the most unlucky controversy in which his critical office involved our author, was that with Admiral Knowles, who had published a pamphlet vindicating his own conduct in the secret expedition against Rochfort, which disgracefully miscarried in 1757. This defence was examined in the *Critical Review*; and Smollett, himself the author of the article, used the following intemperate expressions concerning Admiral Knowles. "He is an admiral without conduct, an engineer without knowledge, an officer without resolution, and a man without veracity." The Admiral commenced a prosecution against the printer of the review, declaring

at the same time that he desired only to discover the author of the paragraph, and, should he prove a gentleman, to demand satisfaction of a different nature. This decoy, for such it proved, was the most effectual mode which could have been devised to draw the high-spirited Smollett within the danger of the law. When the court were about to pronounce judgment in the case, Smollett appeared, and took the consequences upon himself, and Admiral Knowles redeemed the pledge he had given, by enforcing judgment for a fine of one hundred pounds, and obtaining a sentence against the defendant of three months' imprisonment. How the Admiral reconciled his conduct to the rules usually observed by gentlemen, we are not informed; but the proceeding seems to justify even Smollett's strength of expression, when he terms him an officer without resolution, and a man without veracity. This imprisonment took place in 1759, and was, as we have stated already, the most memorable result of the various quarrels in which his duty as a critic engaged Dr. Smollett. We resume the account of his literary labours, which our detail of these disputes has something interrupted.

About 1757, Smollett compiled and published, without his name, a useful and entertaining collection, entitled, *A Compendium of Authentic and Entertaining Voyages, digested in a chronological series; the whole exhibiting a clear view of the Customs, Manners, Religion, Government, Commerce, and Natural History of most Nations of the Known World; illustrated with a variety of Genuine Charts, Maps, Plans, Heads, &c.* in 7 vols. 12mo. This collection introduced to the British public several voyages which were otherwise little known, and contained, amongst other articles not before published, Smollett's own account of the *Expedition to Carthage*, of which he had given a short sketch in the *Adventures of Roderick Random*.

In the same year 1757, the farce or comedy of *The Reprisals, or, the Tars of Old England*, was written and acted, to animate the people against the French, with whom we were then at war. In pursuance of this plan, every species of national prejudice is called up and appealed to, and the Frenchman is represented as the living representative and original of all the caricature prints and ballads against the eaters of *soupe maigre*, and wearers of wooden shoes. The sailors are drawn to the life, as the sailors of Smollett always are. The Scotchman and Irishman are hit off with the touch of a caricaturist of skill and spirit. But the story of the piece is as trivial as possible, and, on the whole, it forms no marked exception to the observation, that successful novelists have been rarely distinguished by excellence in dramatic composition.

Garriek's generous conduct to Smollett upon this occasion, fully obliterated all recollection of old differences. The manager allowed the author his benefit on the sixth, instead of the ninth night of the piece, abated certain charges or advances usually made on such occasions, and himself performed *Lusignan* on the same evening,

in order to fill the theatre. Still, it seems, reports were in circulation that Smollett had spoken unkindly of Garrick, which called forth the following contradiction in a letter which our author addressed to that celebrated performer.

"In justice to myself, I take the liberty to assure you, that if any person accuses me of having spoken disrespectfully of Mr. Garrick, of having hinted that he solicited for my farce, or had interested views in bringing it upon the stage, he does me wrong, upon the word of a gentleman. The imputation is altogether false and malicious. Exclusive of other considerations, I could not be such an idiot to talk in that strain when my own interest so immediately required a different sort of conduct. Perhaps the same insidious methods have been taken to inflame former animosities, which on my part are forgotten and self-condemned. I must own you have acted in this affair of the farce with that candour, openness, and cordiality, which even mortify my pride, while they lay me under the most sensible obligation; and I shall not rest satisfied until I have an opportunity to convince Mr. Garrick that my gratitude is at least as warm as any other of my passions. Meanwhile I profess myself,

"Sir, your most humble servant,

"T. SMOLLETT.

In the beginning of the year 1758, Smollett published his *Complete History of England, deduced from the Descent of Julius Caesar, to the Treaty of Aix-La-Chapelle, in 1748*; in four volumes, 4to. It is said that this voluminous work, containing the history of thirteen centuries, and written with uncommon spirit and correctness of language, was composed and finished for the press within fourteen months, one of the greatest exertions of facility of composition which was ever recorded in the history of literature. Within a space so brief it could not be expected that new facts should be produced; and all the novelty which Smollett's history could present must needs consist in the mode of stating facts, or in the reflections deduced from them. In this work, the author fully announced his political principles, which, notwithstanding his Whig education, were those of a moderate Tory, and a favourer of the monarchical part of our constitution. For such a strain of sentiment, some readers will think no apology necessary; and by others none which we might propose would be listened to. Smollett has made his own defence, in a letter to Dr. Moore, dated 2d January, 1758.

"I deferred answering your kind letter, until I should have finished my history, which is now completed. I was agreeably surprised to hear that my work had met with any approbation at Glasgow, for it was not at all calculated for that meridian. The last volume will, I doubt not, be severely censured by the west-country Whigs of Scotland.

"I desire you will divest yourself of prejudice, at least as much

as you can, before you begin to peruse it, and consider well the facts before you pass judgment. Whatever may be its defect, I protest before God I have, as far as in me lay, adhered to truth, without espousing any faction, though I own I sat down to write with a warm side to those principles in which I was educated; but in the course of my inquiries, some of the Whig ministers turned out such a set of sordid knaves, that I could not help stigmatizing them for their want of integrity and sentiment."

In another letter to Dr. Moore, dated Chelsea, September 28, he expresses himself as follows:—

"I speak not of the few who think like philosophers, abstracted from the notions of the vulgar. The little petulant familiarities of our friend I can forgive, in consideration of the good-will he has always manifested towards me and my concerns. He is mistaken, however, in supposing that I have imbibed priestly notions: I consider the church not as a religious, but a political establishment, so minutely interwoven in our constitution, that the one cannot be detached from the other, without the most imminent danger of destruction to both. The use which your friend makes of the *Critical Review* is whimsical enough;* but I shall be glad if he uses it at any rate. I have not had leisure to do much in that work for some time past, therefore I hope you will not ascribe the articles indiscriminately to me; for I am equally averse to the praise and censure that belong to other men. Indeed, I am sick of both, and wish to God my circumstances would allow me to consign my pen to oblivion. I really believe that mankind grow every day more malicious.

"You will not be sorry to hear, that the weekly sale of the History has increased to above ten thousand. A French gentleman of talents and erudition has undertaken to translate it into that language, and I have promised to supply him with corrections."

As a powerful political party were insulted, and, as they alleged, misrepresented in Smollett's history, they readily lent their influence and countenance to the proprietors of Rapin's History, who, alarmed at the extensive sale of Smollett's rival work, deluged the public with criticisms and invectives against the author and his book. In process of time the controversy slept, and the main fault of the history was found to be, that the haste with which the author had accomplished his task, had necessarily occasioned his sitting down contented with superficial, and sometimes, inaccurate information.

In the course of 1760, and 1761, *The Adventures of Sir Lancelot Greaves* appeared, in detached portions, in various numbers of the *British Magazine*, or *Monthly Repository*. Smollett appears to have executed his task with very little premeditation. During a part of the time he was residing at Paxton, in Berwick-

* Dr. Moore's friend was so much enraged at some criticisms in that review, that he continued to take it, for no other purpose than that he might read all the publications censured by it, and none of those which it praised.

shire, on a visit to the late George Home, Esq., and when post-time drew near, he used to retire for half an hour or an hour, to prepare the necessary quantity of *copy*, as it is technically called in the printing-house, which he never gave himself the trouble to correct, or even to read over. *Sir Lancelot Greaves* was published separately, in 1762.

The idea of this work was probably suggested to our author during his labours upon *Don Quixote*, and the plan forms a sort of corollary to the celebrated romance of *Don Quixote*. The leading imperfection is the great extravagance of the story, as applicable to England, and to the period when it is supposed to have happened. In Spain, ere the ideas of chivalry were extinct amongst that nation of romantic Hidalgos, the turn of *Don Quixote's* frenzy seems not altogether extravagant, and the armour which he assumed was still the ordinary garb of battle. But in England, and in modern times, that a young, amiable, and otherwise sensible man, acquainted also with the romance of Cervantes, should have adopted a similar whim, gives good foundation for the obvious remark of Ferrett: "What! you set up for a modern *Don Quixote*! The scheme is too stale and extravagant; what was an humorous and well-timed satire in Spain near two hundred years ago, will make but a sorry jest, when really acted from affection, at this time of day in England." To this *Sir Lancelot* replies, by a tirade which does not remove the objection so shrewdly stated by the misanthrope, affirming that he only warred against the foes of virtue and decorum; or, in his own words, "had assumed the armour of his forefathers, to remedy evils which the law cannot reach, to detect fraud and treason, abase insolence, mortify pride, discourage slander, disgrace immodesty, and stigmatize ingratitude." The degree of sanity which the amiable enthusiast possesses ought to have shown him, that the generous career he had undertaken would be much better accomplished without his armour, than with that superfluous and ridiculous appendage; and that for all the purposes of reformation to be effected in England, his pocket-book, filled with bank notes, would be a better auxiliary than either sword or lance. In short, it becomes clear to the reader that *Sir Lancelot* wears panoply only that his youthful elegance and address, his bright armour and generous courser, may make him the more exact counterpart to the Knight of La Mancha.

If it be unnatural that *Sir Lancelot* should become a knight-errant, the whim of Crowe, the captain of a merchant vessel, adopting, at second-hand, the same folly, is, on the same grounds, still more exceptionable. There is nothing in the honest seaman's life or profession which renders it at all possible that he should have caught contagion from the insanity of *Sir Lancelot*. But, granting the author's premises, and surely we often make large concessions with less advantage in prospect, the quantity of comic humour which Smollett has extracted out of Crowe and Crabshaw, has as much hearty mirth in it as can be found even in his more finished compo-

sitions. The inferior characters are all sketched with the same bold, free, and peculiar touch that distinguishes this powerful writer; and, besides those we have named, Ferret and Clarke, the kind-hearted attorney's clerk, with several subordinate personages, have all the vivacity of Smollett's strong pencil. Aurelia Darnel is by far the most feminine, and, at the same time, lady-like person, to whom the author has introduced us. There is also some novelty of situation and incident, and Smollett's recent imprisonment in the King's Bench, for the attack on Admiral Knowles, enabled him to enrich his romance with a portrait of the unfortunate Theodore, King of Corsica, and other companions in his captivity, whose misfortunes or frolics had conducted them to that place of imprisonment.

Smollett's next labour was to lend his aid in finishing that useful compendium, *The Modern Universal History*, to which he contributed the histories of France, Italy, and Germany. In the year 1761, he published, in detached numbers, his *Continuation of the History of England*, which he carried on until he brought the narrative down to 1765. The sale of this work was very extensive; and although Smollett acquired by both histories about £2000, which, in those days, was a large sum, yet the bookseller is said to have made £1000, clear profit, on the very day he made his bargain, by transferring it to a brother of the trade. This Continuation, appended as it usually is to the History of England by Hume, forms a classical and standard work. It is not our present province to examine the particular merits of Smollett as a Historian; but it cannot be denied that, as a clear and distinct narrative of facts, strongly and vigorously told, with a laudable regard to truth and impartiality, the Continuation may vie with our best historical works. The author was incapable of being swayed by fear or favour; and where his judgment is influenced, we can see that he was only misled by an honest belief in the truth of his own arguments. At the same time, the Continuation, like Smollett's original History, has the defects incident to hurried composition, and likewise those which naturally attach themselves to contemporary narrative. Smollett had no access to those hidden causes of events which Time brings forth in the slow progress of ages; and his work is chiefly compiled from those documents of a public and general description, which often contain rather the colourable prettexts which statesmen are pleased to assign for their actions, than the real motives themselves. The English history, it is true, suffers less than those of other countries from this restriction of materials; for there are so many eyes upon our public proceedings, and they undergo such sifting discussion, both in and out of parliament, that the actual motives of those in whose hands government is vested for the time, become speedily suspected, even if they are not actually avowed or unveiled. Upon the whole, with all its faults and deficiencies, it may be long ere we have a better History of

Britain, during this latter period, than is to be found in the pages of Smollett.

Upon the accession of George III., and the commencement of Lord Bute's administration, Smollett's pen was employed in the defence of the young monarch's government, in a weekly paper called *The Briton*, which was soon silenced and driven out of the field by the celebrated *North Briton*, conducted by John Wilkes. Smollett had been on terms of kindness with this distinguished demagogue, and had twice applied to his friendship,—once for the kind purpose of obtaining the dismissal of Dr. Johnson's black servant, Francis Barber, from the navy, into which he had inconsiderately entered; and again, to mediate betwixt himself and Admiral Knowles, in the matter of the prosecution. Closer ties than these are readily dissolved before the fire of politics. The friends became political opponents; and Smollett, who had to plead an unpopular cause to unwilling auditors, and who, as a Scotchman, shared deeply and personally in that unpopularity, was compelled to give up the *Briton*, more, it would seem, from lack of spirit in his patron Lord Bute, to sustain the contest any longer, than from any deficiency of zeal on his own part. So, at least, we may interpret the following passage, in a letter which he wrote from Italy to Caleb Whiteford, in 1770. "I hope you will not discontinue your endeavours to represent faction and false patriotism in their true colours, though I believe the ministry little deserves that any man of genius should draw his pen in their defence. They seem to inherit the absurd stoicism of Lord Bute, who set himself up as a pillory, to be pelted by all the blackguards of England, upon the supposition that they will grow tired and leave off. I don't find that your ministers take any pains even to vindicate their moral characters from the foulest imputations: I would never desire a stronger proof of a bad heart, than a total disregard of reputation. A late nobleman, who had been a member of several administrations, owned to me, that one good writer was of more importance to the government than twenty placemen in the House of Commons."

In 1763, Smollett lent his assistance, or at least his name, to a translation of Voltaire's works, and also to a compilation entitled, *The Present State of all Nations, containing a Geographical, Natural, Commercial, and Political History of all the Countries of the known World*.

About this time, Elizabeth, an amiable and accomplished young person, the only offspring of Smollett's marriage, and to whom her father was devotedly attached, died in the fifteenth year of her life, leaving her parents overwhelmed with the deepest sorrow.

Ill health aided the effects of grief, and it was under these circumstances that Smollett undertook a journey to France and Italy, in which countries he resided from 1763 to 1766. Soon after his return in 1766, he published his *Travels through France and Italy, containing Observations on Character, Customs, Reli-*

gion, Government, Police, Commerce, Arts, and Antiquities, with a particular Description of the Town, Territory, and Climate of Nice; to which is added, a Register of the Weather, kept during a residence of Eighteen Months in that City; in 2 vols. 8vo., in the form of letters to his friends in England, from different parts of those countries.

Smollett's Travels are distinguished by acuteness of remark, and shrewdness of expression,—by strong sense and pointed humour; but the melancholy state of the author's mind induced him to view all the ordinary objects from which travellers receive pleasure with cynical contempt. Although so lately a sufferer by the most injurious national prejudices, he failed not to harbour and cherish all those which he himself had formerly adopted against the foreign countries through which he travelled. Nature had either denied Smollett the taste necessary to understand and feel the beauties of art, or else his embittered state of mind had, for the time, entirely deprived him of the power of enjoying them. The harsh censures which he passes on the Venus de Medicis, and upon the Pantheon; and the sarcasms with which his criticisms are answered by Sterne, are both well known. Yet, be it said without offence to the memory of that witty and elegant writer, it is more easy to assume, in composition, an air of alternate gaiety and sensibility, than to practise the virtues of generosity and benevolence, which Smollett exercised during his whole life, though often, like his own Matthew Bramble, under the disguise of peevishness and irritability. Sterne's writings show much flourish concerning virtues of which his life is understood to have produced little fruit; the temper of Smollett was,

—like a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.

On his return to Britain, in 1766, he visited Scotland for the last time, and had the pleasure of receiving a parent's last embrace. His health was now totally ruined. Constant rheumatism, and the pain arising from a neglected ulcer, which had got into a bad state, rendered him a victim to excruciating agonies. He afterwards recovered in a great degree, by applying mercurial ointment, and using the solution of corrosive sublimate. He gives a full account of the process of the cure in a letter to Dr. Moore, which concludes thus: "Had I been as well in summer, I should have exquisitely enjoyed my expedition to Scotland, which was productive of nothing to me but misery and disgust. Between friends, I am now convinced that my brain was in some measure affected; for I had a kind of *coma vigil* upon me from April to November without intermission. In consideration of these circumstances, I know you will forgive all my peevishness and discontent, and tell good Mrs. Moore, to whom I present my most cordial respects, that, with regard to me, she has as yet seen nothing but the wrong side of the tapestry."

Finding himself at liberty to resume his literary labours, Smollett published, in 1769, the political satire, called *The Adventures of an Atom*, in which are satirized the several leaders of political parties, from 1754 till the dissolution of Lord Chatham's administration. His inefficient patron, Lord Bute, is not spared in this work; and Chatham is severely treated under the name of Jowler. The inconsistency of this great minister, in encouraging the German war, seems to have altered Smollett's opinion of his patriotism; and he does his acknowledged talents far less than justice, endeavouring by every means to undervalue the successes of his brilliant administration, or to impute them to causes independent of his measures. The chief purpose of the work, (besides that of giving the author the opportunity to raise his hand, like that of Ishmael, against every man,) is to inspire a horror of continental connexions.

Shortly after the publication of *The Adventures of an Atom*, disease again assailed Smollett with redoubled violence. Attempts being vainly made to obtain for him the office of Consul, in some port of the Mediterranean, he was compelled to seek a warmer climate, without better means of provision than his own precarious finances could afford. The kindness of his distinguished friend and countryman, Dr. Armstrong, (then abroad) procured for Dr. and Mrs. Smollett a house at Monte Novo, a village situated on the side of a mountain overlooking the sea, in the neighbourhood of Leghorn, a romantic and salutary abode, where he prepared for press the last, and, like music, "sweetest in the close," the most pleasing of his compositions, *The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker*. This delightful work was published in 1771, in three volumes, 12mo., and very favourably received by the public.

The very ingenious scheme of describing the various effects produced upon different members of the same family by the same objects, was not original, though it has been supposed to be so. Anstey, the facetious author of the *New Bath Guide*, had employed it six or seven years before *Humphrey Clinker* appeared. But Anstey's diverting satire was but a light sketch, compared to the finished and elaborate manner in which Smollett has, in the first place, identified his characters, and then fitted them with language, sentiments, and powers of observation, in exact correspondence with their talents, temper, condition, and disposition. The portrait of Matthew Bramble, in which Smollett described his own peculiarities, using towards himself the same rigid anatomy which he exercised upon others, is unequalled in the line of fictitious composition. It is peculiarly striking to observe, how often, in admiring the shrewd and sound sense, active benevolence, and honourable sentiments combined in Matthew, we lose sight of the humorous peculiarities of his character, and with what effect they are suddenly recalled to our remembrance, just at the time and in the manner when we least expect them. All shrewish old maids, and simple waiting-women, which shall hereafter be drawn, must

be contented with the praise of approaching in merit to Mrs. Tabitha Bramble, and Winifred Jenkins. The peculiarities of the hot-headed young Oxonian, and the girlish romance of his sister, are admirably contrasted with the sense, and pettish half-playful misanthropy of their uncle; and Humphrey Clinker (who by the way resembles Strap, supposing that excellent person to have a turn towards methodism) is, as far as he goes, equally delightful. Captain Lismahago was probably no violent caricature, allowing for the manners of the time. We can remember a good and gallant officer who was said to have been his prototype, but believe the opinion was only entertained from the striking resemblance which he bore in externals to the doughty captain.

When *Humphrey Clinker* appeared in London, the popular odium against the Scotch nation, which Wilkes and Churchill had excited, was not yet appeased, and Smollett had enemies amongst the periodical critics, who failed not to charge him with undue partiality to his own country. They observed, maliciously, but not untruly, that the cynicism of Matthew Bramble becomes gradually softened as he journies northward, and that he who equally detested Bath and London, becomes wonderfully reconciled to walled cities and the hum of men, when he finds himself an inhabitant of the northern metropolis. It is not worth defending so excellent a work against so weak an objection. The author was a dying man, and his thoughts were turned towards the scenes of youthful gaiety and the abode of early friends, with a fond partiality, which, had they been even less deserving of his attachment, would have been not only pardonable, but praiseworthy.

Moritur, et moriens dulces reminiscitur Argos.

Smollett failed not, as he usually did, to introduce himself, with the various causes which he had to complain of the world, into the pages of this delightful romance. He appears as Mr. Serle, and more boldly under his own name, and in describing his own mode of living, he satirizes without mercy the book-makers of the day, who had experienced his kindness without repaying him by gratitude. It does not, however, seem perfectly fair to make them atone for their ungracious return to his hospitality by serving up their characters as a banquet to the public; and, in fact, it too much resembles the design of which Pallet accuses the Physician, of converting his guests into patients, in order to make him amends for the expense of the entertainment.

But criticism, whether candid or unjust, was soon to be of little consequence to the author. After the publication of his last work, he lingered through the summer, and at length, after enduring the vicissitudes of a wasting and painful disorder with unabated composure, the world lost Tobias Smollett on the 21st October, 1771, at the untimely age of only fifty-one years. There is little doubt, that grief for the loss of his daughter, a feeling of ungrateful neglect from those who were called upon to lend him assistance, a

present sense of confined circumstances, which he was daily losing the power of enlarging by his own exertions, together with gloomy apprehensions for the future, materially aided the progress of the mortal disorder by which he was removed.

More happy in this respect than Fielding, Smollett's grave at Leghorn is distinguished by a plain monument, erected by his widow, to which Dr. Armstrong, his constant and faithful friend, supplied the following spirited inscription—

Hic ossa conduntur
 TOBIE SMOLLETT, Scoti;
 Qui, prosapia generosa et antiqua natus,
 Priscæ virtutis exemplar emicuit;
 Aspectu ingenuo,
 Corpore valido,
 Pectore animoso,
 Indole apprimè benigna,
 Et fere supra facultates munifica,
 Insignis.
 Ingenio feraci, faceto, versatili,
 Omnigenæ fere doctrinæ mire capaci,
 Varia fabularum dulcedine
 Vitam moresque hominum,
 Ubertate summa ludens, depinxit.
 Adverso, interim, nefas! tali tantoque alumno,
 Nisi quo satyræ opipare supplebat,
 Seculo impio, ignavo, fatuo,
 Quo musæ vix nisi nothæ
 Mœcenatilis Britannicis
 Fovebantur.
 In memoriam
 Optimi et amabilis omnino viri,
 Permultis amicis desiderati,
 Hocce marmor,
 Dilectissima simul et amantissima conjux
 L. M.
 Sacravit.

In the year 1774, a column was erected to Smollett's memory near the house in which he was born, by his cousin, James Smollett, Esq. of Bonhill, with the following nervous and classical inscription, written by Professor George Stewart of Edinburgh, and partly by the late John Ramsay, Esq. of Ochertyre, and corrected by Dr. Johnson. The lines printed in Italics are by the latter.

[Siste viator!
 Si leporis ingenique venam benignam,
 Si morum callidissimum pictorem,
 Unquam es miratus,]
 Immorare paululum memoriæ
 TOBIE SMOLLETT, M. D.
 Viri virtutibus hisce
Quas in homine et cive
Et laudes et imiteris,
 Haud mediocriter ornat:
 Qui in literis variis versatus,
 Postquam felicitate sibi propria,
 Sese posteris commendaverat,
 Morte acerba raptus
 Anno ætatis 51.

Prefatory Memoir to Smollett.

Eheu! quam procul a patria!
 Prope Liburni portum in Italia,
 Jacet sepultus.
Tali tantoque viro, patruelo suo,
Cui in decursu Lampada
Se potius tradidisse decuit,
Hanc Columnan,
Amoris, cheu! inane monumentum
In Ipsa Levinæ ripis,
Quas versiculis sub exitu vitæ illustratas,
Primis infans vagitibus personuit,
Ponendum curavit
 JACOBUS SMOLLETT de Bonhill.
 Abi et reminiscere,
 Hoc quidem honore,
 Non modo defuncti memoriæ,
 Vtrum etiam exemplo, prospectum esse;
 Aliis enim, si modo digni sint,
 Idem erit virtutis præmium!

The widow of Smollett long continued an inhabitant of the neighbourhood of Leghorn, supporting herself in obscurity and with difficulty, upon the small remnant of fortune he had been able to bequeath to her. We remember a benefit play being performed on her account, at Edinburgh, in which Houston Stewart Nicholson, Esq., an amateur performer, appeared in the part of Pierre. The profits are said to have amounted to £300. An epilogue, written for the occasion, by Mr. Graham of Gartmore, was spoken by the late Mr. Woods, of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh.

Smollett's *Ode to Independence*, the most characteristic of his poetical works, was published, two years after his death, by the Messrs. Foulis of Glasgow. The mythological commencement is eminently beautiful.

His name was appended to a version of Telemachus, as, during his life, it had appeared to a translation of Gil Blas, to which it is supposed he contributed little or nothing more. In 1785, a farce, called *The Israelites*, or *The Pampered Nabob*, was acted on the Covent Garden stage, for the benefit of Mr. Aiken. It was ascribed to Smollett on very dubious evidence, was indifferently received, and has never since appeared, either on the stage or in print.

THE person of Smollett was eminently handsome, his features prepossessing, and, by the joint testimony of all his surviving friends, his conversation in the highest degree instructive and amusing. Of his disposition, those who have read his works (and who has not done so?) may form a very accurate estimate; for in each of them he has presented, and sometimes under various points of view, the leading features of his own character, without disguising the most unfavourable of them. Nay, there is room to believe, that he rather exaggerated than softened that cynical turn of temper, which was the principal fault of his disposition, and which engaged him in so many quarrels. It is remarkable, that all his heroes, from Roderick Random downward, possess a haughty,

fierce irritability of disposition, until the same features appear softened, and rendered venerable by age and philosophy, in Matthew Bramble. The sports in which they most delight are those which are attended with disgrace, mental pain, and bodily mischief to others; and their humanity is never represented as interrupting the course of their frolics. We know not that Smollett had any other marked failing, save that which he himself has so often and so liberally acknowledged. When unseduced by his satirical propensities, he was kind, generous, and humane to others; bold, upright, and independent in his own character; stooped to no patron, sued for no favour, but honestly and honourably maintained himself on his literary labours; when, if he was occasionally employed in work which was beneath his talents, the disgrace must remain with those who saved not such a genius from the degrading drudgery of compiling and translating. He was a doating father and an affectionate husband; and the warm zeal with which his memory was cherished by his surviving friends, showed clearly the reliance which they placed upon his regard. Even his resentments, though often hastily adopted, and incautiously expressed, were neither ungenerous nor enduring. He was open to conviction, and ready to make both acknowledgment and allowance when he had done injustice to others, willing also to forgive and to be reconciled when he had received it at their hand.

Churchill,* and other satirists, falsely ascribe to Smollett the mean passion of literary envy, to which his nature was totally a stranger. The manner in which he mentions Fielding and Richardson in the account of the literature of the century, shows how much he understood, and how liberally he praised, the merit of those, who, in the view of the world, must have been regarded as his immediate rivals. "The genius of Cervantes," in his generous expression, "was transfused into the novels of Fielding, who painted the characters, and ridiculed the follies of life, with equal strength, humour, and propriety." A passage which we record with pleasure, as a proof that the disagreement which existed betwixt Smollett and Fielding did not prevent his estimating with justice, and recording in suitable terms, the merits of the father of

* The article upon *The Rasciad*, in the *Critical Review*, (that fertile maker of all the dissensions in which Smollett was engaged,) was so severe as to call forth the bard's bitter resentment, in the 2d edition; where, ascribing the offensive article to Smollett, in which he was mistaken, he thus apostrophizes him:

"Whence could arise this mighty critic spleen,
The Muse a trifter, and her theme so mean?
What had I done, that angry heav'n should send
The bitterest foe where most I wish'd a friend?
Oft hath my tongue been wanton at thy name,
And hail'd the honours of thy matchless fame.
For me let hoary *Fielding* bite the ground,
So nobler *Pickle* stand superbly bound.
From *Livy's* temples tear th' historic crown,
Which, with more justice, blooms upon thine own, &c."

A poet of inferior note, author of a poem called *The Race*, has brought the same charge against Smollett, in still coarser terms.

the English Novel. His historian, with equal candour, proceeds to tell his reader, that "the laudable aim of enlisting the passions on the side of virtue was successfully pursued by Richardson in his *Pamela*, *Clarissa*, and *Grandison*, a species of writing equally new and extraordinary, where, mingled with much superfluity and impertinence, we find a sublime system of ethics, an amazing knowledge and command of human nature."

In leaving Smollett's personal for his literary character, it is impossible not to consider the latter as contrasted with that of his eminent contemporary, Fielding. It is true, that such comparisons, though recommended by the example of Plutarch, are not in general the best mode of estimating individual merit. But in the present case, the history, accomplishments, talents, pursuits, and, unfortunately, the fates of these two great authors, are so closely allied, that it is scarce possible to name the one without exciting recollections of the other. Fielding and Smollett were both born in the highest rank of society, both educated to learned professions, yet both obliged to follow miscellaneous literature as the means of subsistence. Both were confined, during their lives, by the narrowness of their circumstances,—both united a humorous cynicism with generosity and good nature,—both died of the diseases incident to a sedentary life, and to literary labour,—and both drew their last breath in a foreign land, to which they retreated under the adverse circumstances of a decayed constitution, and an exhausted fortune.

Their studies were no less similar than their lives. They both wrote for the stage, and neither of them successfully. They both meddled in politics; they both wrote travels, in which they showed that their good humour was wasted under the sufferings of their disease; and, to conclude, they were both so eminently successful as novelists, that no other English author of that class has a right to be mentioned in the same breath with Fielding and Smollett.

If we compare the works of these two great masters yet more closely, we may assign to Fielding, with little hesitation, the praise of a higher and a purer taste than was shown by his rival; more elegance of composition and expression; a nearer approach to the grave irony of Swift and Cervantes; a great deal more address or felicity in the conduct of his story; and, finally, a power of describing amiable and virtuous characters, and of placing before us heroes, and especially heroines, of a much higher as well as pleasing character than Smollett was able to present.

Thus the art and felicity with which the story of *Tom Jones* evolves itself, is no where found in Smollett's novels, where the heroes pass from one situation in life, and from one stage of society, to another totally unconnected, except that, as in ordinary life, the adventures recorded, though not bearing upon each other, or on the catastrophe, befall the same personage. Characters are introduced and dropped without scruple, and, at the end of the work, the hero is found surrounded by a very different set of asso-

ciates from those with whom his fortune seemed at first indissolubly connected. Neither are the characters which Smollett designed should be interesting, half so amiable as his readers could desire. The low-minded Roderick Random, who borrows Strap's money, wears his clothes, and, rescued from starving by the attachment of that simple and kind-hearted adherent, rewards him by squandering his substance, receiving his attendance as a servant, and beating him when the dice ran against him, is not to be named in one day with the open-hearted, good-humoured, and noble-minded Tom Jones, whose libertinism (one particular omitted) is perhaps rendered but too amiable by his good qualities. We believe there are few readers who are not disgusted with the miserable reward assigned to Strap in the closing chapter of the novel. Five hundred pounds, (scarce the value of the goods he had presented to his master,) and the hand of a reclaimed street-walker, even when added to a Highland farm, seem but a poor recompense for his faithful and disinterested attachment. We should do Jones equal injustice by weighing him in the balance with the savage and ferocious Pickle, who,—besides his gross and base brutality towards Emilia, besides his ingratitude to his uncle, and the savage propensity which he shows, in the pleasure he takes to torment others by practical jokes resembling those of a fiend in glee,—exhibits a low and ungentleman-like tone of thinking, only one degree higher than that of Roderick Random. The blackguard frolic of introducing a prostitute in a false character, to his sister, is a sufficient instance of that want of taste and feeling which Smollett's admirers are compelled to acknowledge, may be detected in his writings. It is yet more impossible to compare Sophia or Amelia to the females of Smollett, who (excepting Aurelia Darnel) are drawn as the objects rather of appetite than of affection, and excite no higher or more noble interest than might be created by the houris of the Mahomedan paradise.

It follows from this superiority on the side of Fielding, that his novels exhibit, more frequently than those of Smollett, scenes of distress, which excite the sympathy and pity of the reader. No one can refuse his compassion to Jones, when, by a train of practices upon his generous and open character, he is expelled from his benefactor's house under the foulest and most heart-rending accusations; but we certainly sympathize very little in the distress of Pickle, brought on by his own profligate profusion, and enhanced by his insolent misanthropy. We are only surprised that his predominating arrogance does not weary out the benevolence of Hatchway and Pipes, and scarce think the ruined spendthrift deserves their persevering and faithful attachment.

But the deep and fertile genius of Smollett afforded resources sufficient to balance these deficiencies; and when the full weight has been allowed to Fielding's superiority of taste and expression, his northern contemporary will still be found fit to balance the scale with his great rival. If Fielding had superior taste, the palm

of more brilliancy of genius, more inexhaustible richness of invention, must in justice be awarded to Smollett. In comparison with his sphere, that in which Fielding walked was limited; and, compared with the wealthy profusion of varied character and incident which Smollett has scattered through his works, there is a poverty of composition about his rival. Fielding's fame rests on a single *chef d'œuvre*; and the art and industry which produced *Tom Jones*, was unable to rise to equal excellence in *Amelia*. Though, therefore, we may justly prefer *Tom Jones* as the most masterly example of an artful and well told novel, to any individual work of Smollett; yet *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, and *Humphrey Clinker*, do each of them far excel *Joseph Andrews* or *Amelia*; and, to descend still lower, *Jonathan Wild*, or *The Journey to the Next World*, cannot be put into momentary comparison with *Sir Lancelot Greaves*, or *Ferdinand Count Fathom*.

Every successful novelist must be more or less a poet, even although he may never have written a line of verse. The quality of imagination is absolutely indispensable to him: his accurate power of examining and embodying human character and human passion, as well as the external face of nature, is not less essential; and the talent of describing well what he feels with acuteness, added to the above requisites, goes far to complete the poetic character. Smollett was, even in the ordinary sense, which limits the name to those who write verses, a poet of distinction; and, in this particular, superior to Fielding, who seldom aims at more than a slight translation from the classics.* Accordingly, if he is surpassed by Fielding in moving pity, the northern novelist soars far above him in his powers of exciting terror. Fielding has no passages which approach in sublimity to the robber-scene in *Count Fathom*; or to the terrible description of a sea-engagement, in which Roderick Random sits chained and exposed upon the poop, without the power of motion or exertion, during the carnage of a tremendous engagement. Upon many other occasions, Smollett's descriptions ascend to the sublime; and, in general, there is an air of romance in his writings, which raise his narratives above the level and easy course of ordinary life. He was, like a pre-eminent poet of our own day, a searcher of dark bosoms, and loved to paint characters under the strong agitation of fierce and stormy passions. Hence, misanthropes, gamblers, and duellists, are as common in his works, as robbers in those of Salvator Rosa, and are drawn, in most cases, with the same terrible truth and effect. To compare *Ferdi-*

* A judge, competent in the highest degree, has thus characterized Smollett's poetry. "They have a portion of delicacy, not to be found in his novels; but they have not, like those prose fictions, the strength of a master's hand. Were he to live again, we might wish him to write more poetry, in the belief that his poetical talent would improve by exercise; but we should be glad that we had more of his novels just as they are."—*Specimens of the British Poets*, by Thomas Campbell, vol. VI. The truth is, that in these very novels are expended many of the ingredients both of grave and humorous poetry.

nand Count Fathom, to the *Jonathan Wild* of Fielding, would be perhaps unfair to the latter author; yet, the works being composed on the same plan, (a very bad one, as we think,) we cannot help placing them by the side of each other, when it becomes at once obvious that the detestable *Fathom* is a living and existing miscreant, at whom we shrink as from the presence of an incarnate fiend, while the villain of Fielding seems rather a cold personification of the abstract principle of evil, so far from being terrible, that, notwithstanding the knowledge of the world argued in many passages of his adventures, we are compelled to acknowledge him absolutely tiresome.

It is, however, chiefly in his profusion, which amounts almost to prodigality, that we recognise the superior richness of Smollett's fancy. He never shows the least desire to make the most either of a character, or a situation, or an adventure, but throws them together with a carelessness which argues unlimited confidence in his own powers. Fielding pauses to explain the principles of his art, and to congratulate himself and his readers on the felicity with which he constructs his narrative, or makes his characters evolve themselves in the progress. These appeals to the reader's judgment, admirable as they are, have sometimes the fault of being diffuse, and always the great disadvantage, that they remind us we are perusing a work of fiction; and that the beings with whom we have been conversant during the perusal, are but a set of evanescent phantoms, conjured up by a magician for our amusement. Smollett seldom holds communication with his readers in his own person. He manages his delightful puppet-show without thrusting his head beyond the curtain, like Gines de Passamonte, to explain what he is doing; and hence, besides that our attention to the story remains unbroken, we are sure that the author, fully confident in the abundance of his materials, has no occasion to eke them out with extrinsic matter.

Smollett's sea characters have been deservedly considered as inimitable; and the power with which he has diversified them, in so many instances, distinguishing the individual features of each honest tar, while each possesses a full proportion of professional manners and habits of thinking, is a most absolute proof of the richness of fancy with which the author was gifted, and which we have noticed as his chief advantage over Fielding. Bowling, Trunnion, Hatchway, Pipes, and Crowe, are all men of the same class, habits, and tone of thinking, yet so completely differenced by their separate and individual characters, that we at once acknowledge them as distinct persons, while we see and allow that every one of them belongs to the old English navy. These striking portraits have now the merit which is cherished by antiquaries—they preserve the memory of the school of Benbow and Boscawen, whose manners are now banished from the quarter-deck to the fore-castle. The naval officers of the present day, the splendour of whose actions has thrown into shadow the exploits of a thousand

years, do not now affect the manner of a fore-mast man, and have shown how admirably well their duty can be discharged without any particular attachment to tobacco or flip, or the decided preference of a check shirt over a linen one.

In the comic part of their writings, we have already said, Fielding is pre-eminent in grave irony, a Cervantic species of pleasantry, in which Smollett is not equally successful. On the other hand, the Scotchman, (notwithstanding the general opinion denies that quality to his countrymen,) excels in broad and ludicrous humour. His fancy seems to run riot in accumulating ridiculous circumstances one upon another, to the utter destruction of all power of gravity; and perhaps no books ever written have excited such peals of inextinguishable laughter as those of Smollett. The descriptions which affect us thus powerfully, border sometimes upon what is called farce or caricature; but if it be the highest praise of pathetic composition that it draws forth tears, why should it not be esteemed the greatest excellence of the ludicrous that it compels laughter? The one tribute is at least as genuine an expression of natural feeling as the other; and he who can read the calamities of Trunnion and Hatchway, when run away with by their mettled steeds, and the inimitable absurdities of the feast of the ancients, without a good hearty burst of honest laughter, must be well qualified to look sad and gentleman-like with Lord Chesterfield or Master Stephen.

Upon the whole, the genius of Smollett may be said to resemble that of Rubens. His pictures are often deficient in grace; sometimes coarse, and even vulgar in conception; deficient too in keeping, and in the due subordination of parts to each other; and intimating too much carelessness on the part of the artist. But these faults are redeemed by such richness and brilliancy of colours; such a profusion of imagination—now bodying forth the grand and terrible—now the natural, the easy, and the ludicrous; there is so much of life, action, and bustle, in every group he has painted; so much force and individuality of character, that we readily grant to Smollett an equal rank with his great rival Fielding, while we place both far above any of their successors in the same line of fictitious composition.

ABBOTSFORD, June 1, 1822.

FROM THE NEW EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

THE TRIALS OF A GOOD-NATURED MAN.

IN laying before the public the following account of myself, and my sorrows, I might, perhaps, have apprehended incurring the charge of egotism, had I not observed how much it has lately become the fashion, with those who labour under misfortunes of a peculiar nature, to publish a minute and affecting narrative of their

sufferings. Whether they do this in the disinterested desire of benefiting mankind, by setting themselves up as beacons to warn their fellow-travellers of the rocks on which they have split; whether they are desirous of soothing their wounded minds with the gentle balm of pity and consolation; or whether, indeed, they are actuated by the less pure, though, I grieve to add, not less powerful considerations of fame or emolument, I know not; but there surely must be something more than mere selfish motives, or so many, whose minds seem formed of the most sensitive materials, would scarcely take such evident pleasure in thrusting their sorrows before the public, and amusing the world at large with the relation of their most private distresses. Encouraged, therefore, by these examples, I will venture to describe the peculiar circumstances which have influenced and embittered my existence, from its earliest years; and I am the more inclined to do so, as it appears to me that my misfortunes are of a character totally different from any that have yet appeared in print; for the troubles of those unfortunate gentlemen, who have lately entertained the public, arise principally from accidental causes, or from their own errors and misconduct, whilst I, if I had not been one of the worthiest, most harmless, creatures upon earth, should never have had occasion to relate the history of my woes.

I am sorry that my narrative must commence with the contradiction of a very consolatory maxim, which has long been upheld as the chief incitement to virtue, and has served to point the moral to so many works of amusement and instruction,—that Benevolence is sure to confer happiness on all who obey its dictates, inasmuch as they receive not only the applauses of their own conscience, but also the esteem and praise of all good men, and respect even from the wicked. Now this statement I must beg leave utterly to deny: pleasing as it is to the ear of Justice, it is false and unreal; for I can trace the origin of all my distresses entirely to the circumstance of having been born with one of the very best dispositions in the world. I am ignorant of the particular wrongs I underwent during my infancy on this account, but doubt not that I was sufficiently imposed upon by nurses and nursery-maids, even in this early period; as I grew older, however, the evil of possessing an amiable disposition soon became apparent. I had a brother whose temper was the very reverse of mine, being violent and passionate, to a degree perfectly ungovernable: it would be natural, therefore, to suppose that my gentleness and docility would have received all the more commendation, from such a contrast. Alas! it was far otherwise: praises, it is true, I sometimes obtained; but they were, usually, empty praises; the solid pudding being all lavished upon my brother, in the form of bribes for future good behaviour, or rewards for some very extraordinary instance of obedience,—such as remaining a whole week without once playing truant; or drinking his tea without scalding the company, and breaking half the cups and saucers!—while poor unfortunate I, be-

ing always a pattern of excellence, had no occasion for either bribes or remuneration. It must be owned, indeed, that he obtained also a few hard names now and then; but yet, notwithstanding that same universal respect which is said to be the reward of virtue, I doubt not whether he was not generally considered the most estimable character of the two. There was a certain *eclat* attending his wild audacious proceedings, which my meek good-nature could never attain; and I can well remember, that in speaking of our respective characters, although my mother might eulogise me as being "the best boy in the world," yet, when my brother was mentioned, however she might blame his wild and uncontrollable disposition, her countenance would immediately brighten, and all the signs of maternal tenderness, which my amiability had failed to excite, were at once called forth by the remembrance of his wild tyrannical behaviour. At school the same principle was acted upon: I suffered for half the faults of my companions, yet seldom received either thanks or gratitude in return; on the contrary, they began, in a short time, to regard my good offices rather as a right than an obligation; and my good nature was, alternately, ridiculed and imposed upon. Would that I had taken warning from these adventures of my boyhood! and adopted the lion rather than the lamb: but, alas! my heart was so stuffed with philanthropy, so overflowing with the milk of human kindness, that it had not space for a single uncharitable feeling towards my fellow-creatures.

When I had finished my education, and began to enter into company, I was universally allowed to be the best-tempered creature in existence; and, with that doltish simplicity so common to youth, I was pleased to be thus distinguished; and, Heaven help me! considered myself fortunate in the esteem and approbation of my friends. In a short time, however, I began to feel rather less satisfied; for I could not help observing the marked disrespect with which I was treated. An hundred nick-names, more or less ridiculous, were affixed to me; and, although I was never able to discover any great deficiency in intellect, such as could entitle me to the character of a blockhead, yet I soon found myself the butt at which all the wits of the neighbourhood levelled their sarcasms; nay, I can remember suffering, upon a moderate computation, no less than six and twenty hoaxes in the course of a month, without reckoning those which flashed in the pan. At length, however, my resentment was, for once, completely excited, by hearing an old gentleman observe, in a whisper, to some young ladies of my acquaintance, that "Tom Mildmay was, undoubtedly, one of the best-tempered fellows in the world; but it must be confessed that he would never set the Thames on fire!" to which observation the young ladies smilingly assented. I felt their behaviour the more acutely, as it was only that very night I had given up four games of chess to this old gentleman, when I was at the very point of check-mating him, because I saw it would almost have broken his heart

to have been defeated; and, as for the girls, the obligations I had conferred upon them were incalculable.

And now, idly supposing that the contempt so plainly manifested arose from my youth and inexperience, I determined to leave the country for a few years, in order to acquire such a knowledge of the world as might confer upon me some degree of consequence; and I accordingly started upon my travels. Having completed the grand tour, therefore, I returned home, with a mind and understanding, I flatter myself, not totally unimproved by the scenes I had visited, the manners I had observed, and the society I had mixed in; but, unfortunately, however I might have increased my stock of knowledge, I had not in the slightest degree diminished my portion of good-nature; and with this, I afterwards discovered, by woful experience, that respect and consideration were not to be attained. Still ignorant of this circumstance, however, I conducted myself in my usual style of amiable stupidity; played at cards with the old ladies when they wished to make up a rubber; danced with the young ones who were in danger of sitting still all the evening for want of a partner; and laughed at puns and jests, which nobody else would laugh at, because I could not hurt the feelings of those who made them. And what was my reward for all this? How was I requited for thus studying the happiness of others, instead of consulting my own? Grant me your attention for a few moments; and I will recount a few instances of the regard and esteem shown to those who practise the dictates of benevolence and self-denial.

Shortly after my return from the continent I spent some time with an intimate friend, to whom I went in all the anticipation of a delightful month, for his house was full of company, and it was always my maxim, though a most pernicious maxim I have since found it, that there is no prospect so charming as that of a number of happy people, all intent on giving and receiving amusement. As usual, I exerted myself to the utmost for the public good; and in return for my amiable endeavours, heard myself extolled as the very mirror of good-nature, and the best creature in the world. Among the fairer part of the company I seemed an especial favourite, and they treated me with an ease and familiarity, which I foolishly regarded as a proof of their esteem and admiration. Nothing could exceed my felicity; though it must be owned that at times my popularity was a little fatiguing, for as I was considered the undeniable property of every body, I was never allowed a moment's respite from listening to the complaints of the elderly, or furthering the amusements of the young. Nor did my fatigues even conclude with the day, my night's rest being usually spoiled by that agreeable contrivance, termed in learned phrase, an apple-pie bed, or some other little trick equally amusing to my acquaintance, and inimical to my own repose. In addition to the other *agréments* of my situation, I fell in love with a young lady, whose sweetness and amiability of manners were very peculiarly

adapted to my taste, nor did I perceive any backwardness on her part in receiving my attentions; for, on the contrary, she behaved to me with all the kindness and familiarity of a sister; and, as our friendship ripened, I became more and more intoxicated with my success.

About a week had elapsed in this delightful manner, when there arrived at the house a gentleman, whom I had an ardent desire to be acquainted with, having heard him much spoken of, and always with high encomium. From these lavish commendations, I prepared myself to see a pleasant, friendly, agreeable man, with worth and amiability written in his countenance; and how then was I disappointed when I beheld a proud, stern, satirical-looking personage, the very reverse of my expectations. But doubtless, thought I in my simplicity, though the gentleman's looks are rather against him, his address and conversation will make ample amends for all deficiencies in point of appearance. Alas! his manners were even more disgusting than his person! He expressed himself upon every point in the most peremptory style, and his remarks had all the bitterness of satire, without possessing either the wit, or the vivacity, which too often recommends it to an unthinking mind. Upon his quitting the apartment, I was about to express some portion of the disappointment I had experienced, but was prevented by the numerous eulogiums which burst from all present. "What an uncommonly sensible man!" said one: "How very acute in his observations!" said another; "What force of language! what brilliancy of thought! a little severe to be sure, but it is the way with all your wonderfully clever people. And then his countenance, there's character and expression!" I was thunderstruck, and could scarcely believe that my ears had not deceived me; indeed, I should have suspected that they were jesting, had I not considered them too benevolent for irony; but on venturing, though in the most modest manner possible, to differ from them in opinion, I soon saw that even my good-nature was hardly sufficient to screen me from the suspicion of being a very envious, little-minded, sort of a person; I remained silent, therefore, in the hope of hereafter being able to discover those perfections which seemed so apparent to all beside. The more I watched, however, the less I could admire; and although carefully summoning all my candour and generosity to aid my judgment, yet the examination ended in a thorough conviction, that he was the most impertinent puppy I had ever beheld. His presence, however agreeable to the rest of the company, appeared to me, to cast a kind of shade over every thing, and the little party, who, before his arrival, had been the gayest and happiest set of people imaginable, was now, through the influence of one man's overwhelming sense and abilities, transformed into a cold, formal, uninteresting group. It was in vain I exerted all my powers of amusement to enliven the company: my endeavours were evidently regarded as tiresome and officious. I proposed that we should dance, that we should sing, that we should

play; and then I talked, "Ye gods! how I did talk!" but nobody listened to me; or, if I was answered, I saw it was done only from civility, or mere compassion to my feelings, whilst all their attention was given to the disagreeable gentleman. It was not, indeed, that he was universally liked: on the contrary, I believe he was feared rather than loved; but it was this very fear which rendered him so attractive, for all were eager to gain the favour of one whose attentions were so rare, and from whom a smile, or even look of approbation, was sufficient to outweigh all the good-humoured simpers and smirks which I was so thoughtlessly dispensing to every body around me. Fool that I was, to be so blinded to the truth; but it was not long before my eyes were effectually opened to the fallacy of those principles of universal benevolence which had, hitherto, governed my conduct in every period of life. Happening accidentally to mention my partiality for the water, it was proposed that, in order to gratify me, we should take advantage of the first fine day to make an excursion upon the river. The party formed, nothing seemed wanting to secure our happiness, but the certainty of a fine morning: that also arrived; the weather was delightful; every body appeared in spirits; and I, who, from the peculiarly unfortunate bent of my disposition, am never so well pleased as when surrounded by my happy fellow-creatures, was in the highest glee, anticipating the agreeable day before me, when, just as we were on the point of starting, one of the party was taken suddenly ill, and declared himself unable to accompany us. What was to be done? every body looked blank, and it was unanimously agreed that the gentleman could not have hit upon a more unfortunate time to be unwell; for, although his disorder was not sufficiently serious to prevent the rest of the party from prosecuting their original scheme, yet common humanity no less than the rules of politeness, required that he should not be left entirely alone. Now, as the task of amusing an invalid, especially if the poor sufferer happen to be a peevish old man, is not quite so agreeable as the employment of amusing one's self, it might not unnaturally have been expected that there would be a little demur, a slight embarrassment in proposing such a sacrifice to any of the company; but no, there was no reluctance, not the least hesitation; for the lady of the house, immediately turning to me, said, "I know it is asking a great favour, but you are so very good, that I am sure you will be kind enough to give up the party, and stay at home with poor Mr. W." Thus, merely because I was the most amiable of the party, and therefore, one might reasonably imagine, deserving of most consideration, was I shut up in a sick chamber, with a querulous old man, whose temper was rendered yet more unpleasant by illness. I have no doubt but that I should eventually have made the offer, rather than have suffered another to have undergone such a deprivation: still, the sacrifice would, in that case, have been softened by the consciousness of having voluntarily offered myself as the victim; but to have it imposed upon me, as a

matter of course; to be fixed on so immediately as the person who could best be spared! I must confess I never before felt so much difficulty in preserving my equanimity; but, of course, there was nothing for me to do, but to express my willingness to stay at home with poor Mr. W.; though, to complete my misery, this said Mr. W. was the very same old gentleman who had, some time before, so greatly disconcerted me, by doubting my ability to turn our noblest river into the condition of a fiery Phlegethon; and, if there was one creature in the world whom I could be said absolutely to dislike, it certainly was him.

I had the satisfaction, however, of finding that my services were not totally overlooked or unacknowledged by my friends; for purely to indemnify me for my disappointment, it was determined that we should, the next morning, visit a spot in the neighbourhood, much celebrated for the beauty of its situation and prospect; and, as the distance was only three miles, we were to walk there and dine upon the grass; then, having satisfied our love for the picturesque by climbing the adjacent hills, were to return home in the cool of the evening. I was delighted with the plan, not only as being agreeable in itself, but as originating in kind consideration to my feelings. The day proved charming, and the party being all well, we sallied forth.

As soon as the cavalcade began to move, I was hastening forward to secure, if possible, the arm of Maria Graham, the object of my particular admiration, when I was accosted by the lady directress of the party, with "Will you have the kindness to take care of Miss Blinkensop, Mr. Mildmay?" then, in a lower key, "Her lameness, I know, makes her lean rather heavily; but you are so good, that I am sure you will not mind it." The companion so unceremoniously bestowed upon me was an unmarried lady, considerably past the bloom of youth, whose disposition and infirmities rendered her, to say the least, the most unpleasant of the party. Thus was my pleasure in the walk entirely destroyed; and, instead of wandering by the side of Maria, I found myself engaged in listening to the peevish complaints of a lame old spinster. Never shall I forget the misery of that walk! the day was oppressively warm; and there was not a breath of air to mitigate the scorching influence of the sun. The party soon began to utter grievous complaints; and I, in patient silence, suffered more than all the rest; for my companion made use of me as if I had been a mere staff, leaning upon me till I was ready to faint,—for she was an immense woman,—and giving me, at the same time, a minute description of a severe nervous disorder which she had suffered for the last three years. This, however, was not all; for, in order to avoid the formality and restraint which the attendance of servants inevitably imposes, it had been agreed that we should ourselves carry the provisions, with which we were to be refreshed; and these were accordingly divided and distributed among the company. At first this was all very well; we were charmed with the simpli-

city and independence of the scheme, and went on cheerfully: but, as the party began to grow fatigued, even the little baskets were felt as an incumbrance, and bitterly complained of. I had Miss Blinkensop's dinner, as well as my own, to take care of; but, moved by the natural compassion of my feelings, I was considering whether it might not be possible for me to dispose of another parcel, when I found myself accosted, on all sides, with "Dear Mr. Mildmay, if you would have the kindness to carry my parcel for me; it is only a fowl and a few slices of ham:" or, "Perhaps you would be good enough to take my basket till we get into the next shady lane; and will you just allow my shawl to hang over your arm?" All these demands being made in the coolest way possible, rather as if they were conferring an obligation than asking a favour. I had the additional mortification, also, of observing that, in complying with the modest requests of one part of the company, I was seriously offending the rest, who considered themselves ill-treated because I had not previously offered my assistance to them. Thus I went on, performing the offices of a sumpter mule, and inly goaded with all the pangs of jealousy, at seeing immediately before me the disagreeable gentleman, totally free from any incumbrance, with Miss Graham hanging upon his arm, and paying him the most profound and flattering attention! Yes, even she, gentle and amiable as she appeared, was caught by the coxcomb, and was evidently triumphing in the consciousness of being distinguished by a man of genius!

Most happy was I when we arrived at our place of destination. It was a beautiful lawn, surrounded by steep hills, which, when a little renovated by rest and refreshment, we were to employ our jaded limbs in climbing, that we might enjoy the prospect, and be in a comfortable condition for walking home again. Having happily freed myself from my lame companion, for whom I had found a most comfortable situation by the side of my old friend, Mr. W., my good humour was restored, and I was able, with all my usual simplicity, to look around me, and take care of every body—but myself! I placed them in delightful seats, under a clump of old oaks; hung shawls and handkerchiefs over the interstices of the foliage, to exclude the sun from bonnets and complexions; and then, having done my utmost to promote the public welfare, sat down, with a safe conscience, by the side of Maria.

The party now brought forward the provisions which had been allotted to each; and I produced my part of the entertainment. It was a small, delicate pigeon pie: when no sooner, however, had I extricated it from the basket, and was proceeding, with infinite tenderness, to offer a portion to the acceptance of my fair inamorata, than some others of the party hinted, in pretty plain terms, that they also were particularly partial to pigeon pie, and if I had more than I could conveniently dispose of, should be happy to take the burden off my hands. Their praises of the dish soon brought other applicants; and I beheld my dinner gradually receding from my

possession, in a manner which, to a hungry man, was truly appalling. Still, the amiability of my disposition gave me pleasure in obliging my friends; nor should I have thought the circumstance worthy of notice, but as affording an instance of the eternal little impositions which my philanthropy has entailed upon me. The most amusing part of the transaction, however, was to hear them, while disposing of my provisions with so little ceremony, observe, "Poor Mr. Mildmay! he is so obliging, he could not be happy if we did not take some of his nice pie!" thus intimating that I was the obliged person, and that they only ran away with my dinner out of consideration to my feelings! At length, a little cessation to their kind requests for "the smallest piece in the world," and "a little bit of the steak at the bottom," gave me some prospect of securing the wreck of my hopes; and I was proceeding to attack the remains, with considerable appetite, when my old friend, Mr. W., called out, from the other side of the tree, "I think I will take a bit more of your excellent pie, Mr. Mildmay, if you have any to spare;" so I sent him the dish, for I saw nothing less would suffice, and was fain to make an attack upon the legs and backbone of a chicken, one of the party taking upon her to affirm that I was particularly fond of these dainties, although they are really my aversion, in order that she might preserve a very fine wing, and some slices from the breast, for the disagreeable gentleman, who was now engaged in eating, and at the same time abusing, my pie.

Dinner was no sooner concluded than we began to ascend the hill. Fortunately for me Mrs. Blinkensop declined accompanying us; and in walking, or rather scrambling along by the side of Maria, I was, for a few moments, in a state of complete enjoyment. Short, however, was my felicity; transient the gleam of sunshine which shone on my devoted head; for ere we had reached the middle of the steep path which wound round the side of the eminence, Mr. W. observed a black cloud hovering in the horizon, and requested me to go back to the place where we had dined, and bring him the umbrella and great-coat he had left there, bidding me, at the same time, take particular care of the glass which was in the coat-pocket. He was an old gentleman, and an invalid, consequently there was no refusing him; so I obeyed, in a state of vexation, which not even my good nature could overcome. By the time I had again returned, panting, and almost sinking with heat and fatigue, the rest of the party had reached the top of the hill, and were now standing to admire the prospect, and wonder how they should ever get down again. I redoubled my endeavours to regain my happy situation by the side of Maria, Mr. W. calling to me, all the while, to make haste, as he wanted his spying-glass; when, just as I had actually attained the summit, and was joyfully holding out my burden to its owner, my foot slipped, and, in striving to save the umbrella and the glass, I rolled from the top of the hill to the bottom! A falling man seldom meets with much sympathy; and, upon returning to the company, my safety was in-

quired after with convulsions of laughter; for "good Mr. Mildmay would never be offended at their laughing at him." Old Mr. W., the cause of all my misfortunes, from the top of the hill, where he was sitting, very much at his ease, instead of condoling with me, merely bawled out "What has become of my spying-glass? I would not have it hurt for fifty pounds:" adding,—but this I will not be certain of,—something about the stupidity of people who could not keep upon their legs!

The day concluded much as it had begun. Maria attached herself, during the remainder of the walk, to the disagreeable man of sense; and I limped home with Miss Blinkensop and a sprained ankle, an object more of mirth than compassion to my kind friends. And now, in calmly reviewing the events of the day, and in considering the indifference and slight consideration in which I was held, I could no longer remain blind to the cause of my wrongs: they arose not, as might have been supposed, from any ill-behaviour on my part, not from the unkindness of my manners, or the depravity of my heart, but, in fact, from my being too amiable. I assented, when I should have contradicted; admired, when I should have despised; complied cheerfully, when I should have refused abruptly; and my reputation, as a man of genius, was lost, by my having so pertinaciously followed the dictates of benevolence and good-nature, instead of practising those of ill-humour and selfishness. Happy should I be, could I now adopt a different course of conduct, and commence a life of sense and importance under the character of a satirist; but I cannot thus overcome the habits of my whole life; for, unfortunately, my universal benevolence has arisen not only from principle, but from innate tenderness of heart; and any thing like affectation or haughtiness sits so awkwardly upon my good-natured features, that I totally despair of ever attaining respect or consideration, or, indeed, of ever being more than "Good Mr. Mildmay, who will never set the Thames on fire!" and thus, though conscious of as much sense and discrimination as my neighbours, must be contented to write myself down an ass to the end of my days!

FROM THE BRITISH CRITIC.

*The Book of the Church, by Robert Southey, Esq. LL.D.
In Two Volumes, 8vo. 11. 4s. Murray. 1824.*

A POPULAR history of the Church has long been a desideratum in English literature, and Mr. Southey, to whom his country was already so much indebted, has increased his claim upon our gratitude by publishing one. The anxiety with which it was looked for and the eagerness with which it has been read, may be reckoned among the favourable symptoms of the state of the public mind. They bid us hope that the dense ignorance respecting ec-

clesiastical affairs which has prevailed during the last century, will at no distant period be dissipated. They prove that even the mob of readers and thinkers are not satisfied with that information upon the subject of the Church, which they may reap from the debates and the newspapers. And Mr. Southey seems destined to conduct his countrymen into a storehouse of knowledge and of wisdom, from which they have been hitherto excluded.

It is not difficult to account for this prevailing ignorance. The omissions of our general historians, the length and tediousness of our ecclesiastical writers, have rendered the knowledge of Church history a rare acquisition. Politicians have been intent upon more pressing business; and when the discussion of Church affairs proves inevitable, the orators are too nearly upon a level to discover each other's blunders. The well educated English gentleman studies the laws and constitution of the realm—but confines his inquiries into the religious establishment within very narrow limits. He knows that the Saxons were converted by St. Augustin, that Dunstan was the great Monk, and Thomas a Becket the great Prelate, that Henry VIII. was and was not "Defender of the Faith," that Queen Mary burned Archbishop Cranmer, and King William passed the Toleration Act. But of the effects which Christianity produced at its different stages or under its different forms he knows little or nothing. When called up to defend the Church of England, against those who would reduce every thing to the democratic standard of America, he is incapable of doing justice to her cause. And the frequency with which such demands are now made, and the inadequate and unsatisfactory answers which they receive, may be regarded as proofs that Mr. Southey's book was wanted—and that it will tend to promote that great cause to which he has devoted so much talent and time.

The plan of the work is decidedly good; and the execution of it, with a few inconsiderable exceptions, is worthy of the biographer of Nelson. Desirous of stimulating curiosity, rather than satiating it, Mr. Southey avoids that prolix narrative, and lengthened detail, which are so delightful to the student of antiquity, and so insupportable to the general reader. The learning of Collier, the wit of Fuller, and the pathos of Fox, have not sufficed to fix the public attention upon their massy volumes. And it would be difficult to bring their works within a moderate compass, except by squeezing out the flesh and blood, and retaining no more than a lifeless skeleton. Mr. Southey therefore has laboured rather to catch the spirit, and pourtray the general air and semblance, than to give a minutely finished picture. He sketches manners, courts, and systems, with a bold and rapid pencil. He teaches us a valuable lesson—of which not the least valuable part is that there remains much more to learn. And if readers do not rise from the perusal of his book with a profound or professional knowledge of its subject, at least they will have obtained a distinct view of the Church, of its services, and its merits; and they will be enabled to prose-

ento their inquiries in any particular direction, with diminished trouble, and greater probability of success.

The Church history of England naturally divides itself into five portions. The planting of Christianity among the Saxons, and the gradual establishment of Monckery, bring us down to the era of the Norman Conquest. From the Conquest to the accession of Henry VIII. we have ample opportunities of observing the fruits of Romish Supremacy, its art, its encroachments, its tyranny, and its corruption. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries exhibit the struggles and ultimately the triumphs of the Church in her long contest with the Pope and the Puritans. Mr. Southey has not failed to furnish valuable information on each of these heads; but as it is impossible to follow him through them all, we shall confine our attention to those parts of the subject which are not likely to come again under our notice. The Reformation, by far the most interesting portion of our Ecclesiastical History, has been placed by Mr. Lingard in so deceitful a light, that we shall say little on that subject, until we have an opportunity of exposing his monstrous errors. The first planting of Christianity, its early state, and the corruptions which were gradually introduced into it, would furnish materials for a much longer article than our limits will admit. And, when we remember that the reigns of the James's and Charles's, are also submitted to our consideration, we must endeavour to compress the observations which occur to us into the smallest possible compass.

On the subject of the original Britons, their faith, their manners, and their laws, Mr. Southey has added little to the general stock of information. It is a popular story, and has been often well told. Not so the history of the Anglo-Saxon Church. That Church is little known beyond the limits of antiquarian research, and the abridgment of Bede and his successors, which has been furnished by Mr. Southey, is a valuable accession to our domestic literature. We extract the comment upon that interesting story. It is alike remarkable for its eloquence and its truth; and in days when some deny that Christianity is a blessing, and others act as if it might be extended by any means, the application of these passages will be evident to every reader.

"The missionaries therefore appeared with a character of superiority, their claim to which was not to be disputed. They spake as men having authority. They appealed to their books for the history of the faith which they taught: and for the truth of its great doctrines they appealed to that inward evidence which the heart of man bears in the sense of its own frailties, and infirmities, and wants. They offered an universal instead of a local religion, a clear and coherent system instead of a mass of unconnected fancies; an assured and unquestionable faith for vague and unsettled notions, which had neither foundation nor support. The errors and fables with which Romish Christianity was debased, in no degree impeded its effect: gross as they were, it is even probable that they rendered it more acceptable to a rude and ignorant people, . . . a people standing as much in need of rites and ceremonies, of tangible forms, and a visible dispensation, as the Jews themselves when the law was promulgated. The missionaries also possessed in themselves a strength beyond what they derived from their cause, and from the adventitious circumstances that favoured them. They were the prime spirits of

the age, trained in the most perfect school of discipline, steady in purpose, politic in contrivance, little scrupulous concerning the measures which they employed, because they were persuaded that any measures were justifiable if they conducted to bring about the good end which was their aim. This principle led to abominable consequences among their successors, but they themselves had no sinister views; they were men of the loftiest minds and ennobled by the highest and holiest motives; their sole object in life was to increase the number of the blessed, and extend the kingdom of their Saviour, by communicating to their fellow creatures the appointed means of salvation; and elevated as they were above all worldly hopes and fears, they were ready to lay down their lives in the performance of this duty, sure by that sacrifice of obtaining crowns in heaven, and altars upon earth, as their reward." Vol. I. p. 52.

"The seed had not fallen among thorns, nor upon a hard and sterile soil; and though some tares were sown with it, the harvests, nevertheless, were for a while abundant. Wherever Christianity has been preached among heathen or barbarous nations, women and old men have been the readiest believers; the former because their importance in society and their happiness are so materially promoted by its domestic institutions; * * * the latter, because needing its hopes and consolations, and desiring to pass their latter days in tranquillity, they feel the value of a religion which was announced with peace on Earth, and which, while its kingdom is delayed, imparts to the mind of every individual by whom it is faithfully received, that peace which passeth all understanding. All ranks received the new religion with enthusiasm. Many Kings, weary of the cares and dangers of royalty, or struck with remorse for the crimes by which they had acquired or abused their rank, abdicated their thrones, and retired into monasteries to pass the remainder of their days in tranquillity or in penance. Widowed Queens were thankful to find a like asylum. The daughters of royal or noble houses, preferring the hopes of a better world to the precarious enjoyments of this, found in the convent comforts and security, which in those turbulent ages were hardly to be obtained elsewhere; and youths of royal blood, whose enterprising tempers might otherwise have contributed to the misery of their own neighbouring states, embraced a religious life, and went forth as missionaries to convert and civilize the barbarians of Germany and of the North. To the servile part of the community the Gospel was indeed tidings of great joy: frequently they were emancipated, either in the first fervour of their owner's conversion, or as an act of atonement and meritorious charity at death. The people in the north of England are described as going out in joyful procession to meet the itinerant priest when they knew of his approach, bending to receive his blessing, and crowding to hear his instructions. The churches were frequented; he who preached at a cross in the open air never wanted an attentive congregation; and the zeal of the clergy, for as yet they were neither corrupted by wealth, nor tainted by ambition, was rewarded by general respect and love.

"They well deserved their popularity. Wherever monasteries were founded marshes were drained, or woods cleared, and wastes brought into cultivation; the means of subsistence were increased by improved agriculture, and by improved horticulture new comforts were added to life. The humblest as well as the highest pursuits were followed in these great and most beneficial establishments. While part of the members were studying the most inscrutable points of Theology, and indulging themselves in logical subtleties of psychological research which foster the presumption of the human mind, instead of convincing it of its weakness, * * * others were employed in teaching babes and children the rudiments of useful knowledge; others as copyists, limners, carvers, workers in wood, and in stone, and in metal, and in trades and manufactures of every kind, which the community required." Vol. I. p. 60.

The story of St. Dunstan is worked up with Mr. Southey's usual skill; but we cannot admit the justice of the charges against that celebrated man. Looking merely to the later accounts of his life and miracles, Mr. Southey and his predecessors, Hume and Fox, are justified in representing Dunstan as a cruel, ambitious, hypocritical cheat. But an attentive perusal and comparison of the earliest authentic narratives have convinced us, that Dunstan's faults

have been grossly exaggerated, and his merits materially underrated.

We are compelled also to dissent from Mr. Southey, in a question of much more importance than the character of an individual monk, namely, the character and merits of monkery itself. The opinion of Mr. Southey on this subject is entitled to great weight, and we fear he is not willing to change it. But, for our own parts, we are confident, that half the corruptions of Popery may be traced up to that unauthorized addition to the Church of Christ; and that a large portion of the remainder may be as certainly attributed to those founders and reformers of the monastic rule, for whom Mr. Southey entertains so remarkable a partiality. We have no disposition to depreciate their services; but the good which they effected, and they effected much, is a poor return for the immense mischief which they occasioned. The consequences of their system are still visible in the Church of England, and it is easier to deplore their extent and their existence, than to devise a practicable plan for their removal.

The seventh, eighth, and ninth chapters contain an account of the victories gained by Rome over the liberties of the Church of England. Becket, of course, occupies a conspicuous place in the narrative, and furnishes, upon the whole, the most splendid portion of these volumes. We doubt the expediency of devoting so large a portion of the work to events which are comparatively well known. But, as a specimen of the style in which Mr. Southey would write the history of his country, every page of the life of Becket is valuable. He appears to us to pass too lightly over one feature of the times, the regularity with which the Pope and the Norman princes played into each other's hand, and contributed, the one to make the Kings of England absolute, and the others the Bishop of Rome supreme. The breach of this alliance, for which we have to thank Henry VIII., was the dawn both of ecclesiastical and civil freedom. And instead of attributing the submission, penance, and pilgrimage of Henry II. to the remorse of a superstitious conscience, we believe it to have been an artful reconciliation with the priesthood, the object of which was, to rule more securely by their means.

The chapter on the Papal system begins by admitting the good deeds of a power which Mr. Southey certainly does not love.

"The corruptions, doctrinal and practical, of the Roman Church were, in these ages, at their height. They are studiously kept out of view by the writers who still maintain the infallibility of that Church; and in truth, that a system in all things so unlike the religion of the Gospel, and so opposite to its spirit, should have been palmed upon the world, and established as Christianity, would be incredible, if the proofs were not undeniable and abundant.

"The indignation, which these corruptions ought properly to excite, should not however, prevent us from perceiving that the Papal power, raised and supported as it was wholly by opinion, must originally have possessed, or promised, some peculiar and manifest advantages to those who acknowledged its authority. If it had not been adapted to the condition of Europe, it could not have existed. Though in itself an enormous abuse, it was the remedy for some great evils, the

palliative of others. We have but to look at the Abyssinians, and the Oriental Christians, to see what Europe would have become without the Papacy. With all its errors, its corruptions, and its crimes, it was, morally and intellectually, the conservative power of Christendom. Politically, too, it was the saviour of Europe; for, in all human probability, the west, like the east, must have been overrun by Mahommedanism, and sunk in irremediable degradation, through the pernicious institutions which have every where accompanied it, if, in that great crisis of the world, the Roman Church had not roused the nations to an united and prodigious effort, commensurate with the danger.

"In the frightful state of society which prevailed during the dark ages, the Church every where exerted a controlling and remedial influence. Every place of worship was an asylum, which was always respected by the law, and generally even by lawless violence. It is recorded, as one of the peculiar miseries of Stephen's miserable reign, that during those long troubles, the soldiers learned to disregard the right of sanctuary. Like many other parts of the Romish system, this right had prevailed in the heathen world, though it was not ascribed to every temple. It fell, as it had done under the Roman empire, to abuses which became intolerable; but it originated in a humane and pious purpose, not only screening offenders from laws, the severity of which amounted to injustice, but, in cases of private wrong, affording time for passion to abate, and for the desire of vengeance to be appeased. The cities of refuge were not more needed, under the Mosaic dispensation, than such asylums in ages when the administration of justice was either detestably inhuman, or so lax, that it allowed free scope to individual resentment. They have therefore generally been found wherever there are the first rudiments of civil and religious order. The church-yards also were privileged places, whither the poor people conveyed their goods for security. The protection which the ecclesiastical power extended in such cases, kept up in the people, who so often stood in need of it, a feeling of reverence and attachment to the Church. They felt that religion had a power on earth, and that it was always exercised for their benefit.

"The civil power was in those ages so inefficient for the preservation of public tranquillity, that when a country was at peace with all its neighbours, it was liable to be disturbed by private wars, individuals taking upon themselves the right of deciding their own quarrels, and avenging their own wrongs. Where there existed no deadly feud, pretexts were easily made by turbulent and rapacious men, for engaging in such contests, and they were not scrupulous whom they seized and imprisoned, for the purpose of extorting a ransom. No law, therefore, was ever more thankfully received, than when the Council of Clermont enacted, that, from sunset on Wednesday to sunrise on Monday, in every week, the truce of God should be observed, on pain of excommunication. Well might the inoffensive and peaceable part of the community (always the great, but in evil times the inert, and therefore the suffering part) regard, with grateful devotion, a power under whose protection they slept four nights of the week in peace, when otherwise they would have been in peril every hour. The same power by which individuals were thus benefited, was not unfrequently exercised in great national concerns; if the monarch were endangered or oppressed either by a foreign enemy, or by a combination of his Barons, here was an authority to which he could resort for an effectual interposition in his behalf; and the same shield was extended over the vassals, when they called upon the Pope to defend them against a wrongful exertion of the sovereign power.

"Wherever an hierarchal government, like that of the Lamas, or the Dairis of Japan, has existed, it would probably be found, could its history be traced, to have been thus called for by the general interest. Such a government Hildebrand would have founded. Christendom, if his plans had been accomplished, would have become a federal body, the Kings and Princes of which should have bound themselves to obey the Vicar of Christ, not only as their spiritual, but their temporal lord; and their disputes, instead of being decided by the sword, were to have been referred to a Council of Prelates annually assembled at Rome. Unhappily, the personal character of this extraordinary man counteracted the pacific part of his schemes; and he became the firebrand of Europe, instead of the peacemaker. If, indeed, the Papal chair could always have been occupied by such men as S. Carlo Borromeo, or Fenelon, and the ranks of the hierarchy throughout all Christian kingdoms always have been filled, as they ought to have been, by subjects chosen for their wisdom and piety, such a scheme would have produced as

much benefit to the world as has ever been imagined in Utopian romance, and more than it has ever yet enjoyed under any of its revolutions. But to suppose this possible, is to presuppose the prevalence of Christian principles to an extent which would render any such government unnecessary, * * * for the kingdom of Heaven would then be commenced on earth." Vol. I. p. 283.

These candid admissions are followed by a strict inquiry into the general doctrines of Popery, and no sparing condemnation of its manifold errors. Wickliff is treated with due honour, and the wild opinion of his followers are carefully separated from the genuine lessons of the father of Reformation: a distinction which the adversary is prone to overlook. The reigns of Henry VIII. and his son abound in descriptions of interesting occurrences and striking characters; and we select the account of the "Majestic Lord" himself, as a fair specimen of the manner in which this portion of the work is executed. The remarks seem rather too favourable, but perhaps they keep the just mean between the partial exculpation of Burnet, and the unmeasured abuse of Lingard.

"In this temper Henry VIII. departed, little expecting how odious many of his actions would appear to posterity, and perhaps not reckoning the worst of them among the things of which he repented. It is more remarkable that so many revolting acts of caprice and cruelty did not deprive him of the affection of his subjects, but that he retained his popularity to the last. This could not have been, had he been the mere monster, which, upon a cursory view of his history, he must needs appear to every young and ingenuous mind. Large allowances are to be made for an age, wherein the frequency of atrocious punishments had hardened the public character, and rendered all men (the very few excepted, who seem to be so constituted, that no circumstances can corrupt them) unfeeling to a degree, which happily we, in these days, are hardly capable of conceiving. Much must also be allowed for his situation. The person, whose moral nature is not injured by the possession of absolute power, must be even more elevated above his fellow creatures in wisdom and in virtue, than in authority; and that Henry was, in fact, as absolute as any of the Cæsars, he knew, and none of his subjects would have disputed. If his heart had been open to any compunctious visitings, the ready assent with which the intimation of his will, in its worst purposes, was received by obsequious counsellors and servile parliaments, would have repressed them. Whatever was his pleasure, they pronounced to be just and lawful. When he sent a minister or a wife to the scaffold, with as little compassion as he would have shown in ordering a dog to be drowned, he felt no weight upon his conscience, because the murder was performed with all the legality which could be given it by Acts of Parliament, formalities of law, and courts of justice!

"The qualities which endeared him to his subjects were, probably, his lavish liberality, and that affability in his better moods which, in the great, has always the semblance, and frequently something of the reality, of goodness. He never raised any man to rank and power, who was not worthy of elevation for his attainments and capacity, whatever he might be in other respects. To be in Henry's service, and more especially to be in his confidence, was a sure proof of ability; and thus it was, that though he had some wicked counsellors he never had a weak one. Wolsey discovered no weakness, till his master's favour encouraged him to aspire at the Papacy, and then indeed ambition blinded him. He was the munificent patron of literature and the arts; and it is to the example which he set, of giving his daughters as well as his son a learned education, that England is indebted for the women and the men of the Elizabethan age.

"With regard to the Church of England, its foundations rest upon the rock of Scripture, not upon the character of the King by whom they were laid. This, however, must be affirmed in justice to Henry, that mixed as the motives were which first induced him to disclaim the Pope's authority, in all the subsequent measures he acted sincerely, knowing the importance of the work in which he had engaged, and prosecuting it sedulously and conscientiously, even when most erroneous. That religion should have had so little influence upon his moral conduct will not appear strange, if we consider what the religion was wherein he was

trained up; nor if we look at the generality of men even now, under circumstances immeasurably more fortunate than those in which he was placed. Undeniable proofs remain of the learning, ability, and diligence, with which he applied himself to the great business of weeding out superstition, and yet preserving what he believed to be the essentials of Christianity untouched. This praise (and it is no light one) is his due: and it is our part to be thankful to that all-ruling Providence, which rendered even his passions and his vices subservient to this important end." Vol. II. p. 102.

For the reason already stated, we pass rapidly over the times of Edward and Elizabeth, assuring our readers, that the melancholy history of the martyrdoms was never told with greater effect, than on the present occasion; and confidently defying all the Jesuits upon earth to deface the impression which a perusal of it will make on every unprejudiced understanding.

More space might have been advantageously devoted to the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and the pages that are occupied with the Danish mythology and Thomas a Becket, should be exchanged, in some future edition, for a more detailed account of the period from which our Church dates its establishment. Mr. Southey is half inclined to vindicate the Court of High Commission. If he had taken as careful a view of the destruction of the ecclesiastical courts, as he has taken of the Pope and the Puritans, he would have perceived that there never was a more injurious measure, than this exaltation of the royal prerogative at the expense of the lawful authority of the Church. Her Majesty was justified in controlling the spiritual judge. But the effect, if not the intention of her system was to silence him. We are suffering, and must continue to suffer, from that unstatesmanlike conduct which destroyed the influence of the ordinary magistrate, and threw the reins into the hands of an unconstitutional court, which for a season used the scourge with reprehensible violence, and shortly was compelled to throw it aside for ever. The Court of High Commission was a pernicious infringement upon the ancient customs of the Church. The precedents upon which it was formed were only to be found at Rome; and by assuming a power which the Popes had usurped, and claiming it as an integral part of their inheritance, our princes mistook the national interest and their own.

The ecclesiastical history of the Great Rebellion is told with much spirit, especially the parts which relate to Sir Thomas Dering and Archbishop Laud. The former began with attempting to reform the Church, and lived to mourn over its ruins. The latter had some share in provoking his own fate, for his conduct was too violent for a popular government; and both he and Strafford mistook the character of their amiable but imprudent master. Yet the merit and abilities of Laud were of the highest class, and his faults have been exaggerated beyond the common lot of greatness. Mr. Southey's account of his trial and death will open the eyes of many to whom the truth has not been presented before, and who wanted curiosity or inclination to seek it in less entertaining volumes. We extract a few of the more striking passages.

"The strength with which he defended himself, was felt and acknowledged even by many of the members; but truth and eloquence were as little regarded in those calamitous days as law, justice, and humanity, and without hearing counsel in his behalf, the Commons voted him guilty of high treason. There was yet honour enough among the few Lords who adhered to the parliament through all its courses, to hesitate at passing a bill so flagrantly iniquitous; but the Earl of Pembroke, one of the meanest wretches that ever brought infamy upon an old and honourable name for the sake of currying favour with a ruling faction, called the Primate rascal and villain, and told the Lords that if they demurred, the citizens would come down and call for justice, as they had done in Strafford's case. Mr. Stroud also, who came up with a message from the Commons to quicken the Upper House, let fall the same threat. And when they voted that all papers relating to the trial should be laid before them, the Commons, to intimidate them, prepared an ordinance to displace them from all command in the army, and by their old agents procured a petition to be got up for the punishment of delinquents, and for bringing the Lords to vote and sit with the Commons, to the end that public business might be more quickly despatched. At length when only fourteen Lords were present, they voted him guilty of endeavouring to subvert the laws and the Protestant religion, and of being an enemy to Parliaments; but left it for the judges to pronounce whether this were treason; and the judges to their lasting honour, unanimously declared that nothing which was charged against the Archbishop, was treason, by any known and established law of the land. In the face of this determination, the Commons persisted in their murderous purpose; the Peers, who shrunk from a more active participation in the crime, shrunk from their duty also, absenting themselves from the House, and six were found thorough-paced enough to concur in the sentence of condemnation." Vol. II. p. 437.

"Thus he began his dying address, in that state of calm, but deepest feeling, when the mind seeks for fancies and types and dim similitudes, and extracts from them consolation and strength. What he said was delivered with a grave composure, so that 'he appeared,' says Sir Philip Warwick, 'to make his own funeral sermon with less passion, than he had in former times made the like for a friend.' The hope which he had expressed at his last awful parting with Strafford, was now nobly justified; it was not possible for man, in those fearful circumstances, to have given proof of a sereener courage, or of a more constant and well-founded faith. Nor did he let pass the opportunity of giving the people such admonition as the time permitted. 'I know,' said he, 'my God whom I serve is as able to deliver me from this Sea of Blood, as he was to deliver the Three Children from the furnace; and (I humbly thank my Saviour for it!) my resolution is now as theirs was then: they would *not worship the image the king had set up*, nor will I the imaginations which the people are setting up: nor will I forsake the temple and the truth of God, to follow the bleating of Jeroboam's calves in Dan and Bethel. And as for this people, they are at this day miserably misled, (God of his mercy open their eyes, that they may see the right way!) for the blind lead the blind, and if they go on, both will certainly fall into the ditch.'

"He then spake of his innocence and the unprecedented manner of his condemnation. 'You know,' said he, 'what the Pharisees said against Christ himself; *If we let him alone*, all men will believe in him, *et venient Romani*, and the Romans will come, and take away both our place and nation.' See how just the judgment was! They crucified Christ for fear, lest the Romans should come; and his death was it which brought in the Romans upon them; God punishing them with that which they most feared. And I pray God this clamour of *venient Romani*, of which I have given no cause, help not to bring them in! For the Pope never had such an harvest in England since the Reformation, as he hath now upon the sects and divisions that are among us.' Next he bore testimony to the King his gracious sovereign, as one, whom in his conscience, he knew to be a sound and sincere Protestant. He dwelt upon the popular clamours for justice, as a practice which might endanger many an innocent man, and pluck his blood upon the heads of the people, and of that great populous city: and he spake of the poor Church of England. 'It hath flourished,' said he, 'and been a shelter to other neighbouring churches, when storms have driven upon them. But, alas! now it is in a storm itself, and God only knows whether, or how, it shall get out. And, which is worse than the storm from without, it is become like an oak cleft to

shivers with wedges made out of its own body, and at every cleft profaneness and irreligion is entering in; while (as Prosper speaks, in his second book *de contemptu vite*,) men that introduce profaneness are cloaked over with the name *religionis imaginariæ*, of imaginary religion. For we have lost the substance, and dwelt too much in opinion; and that Church, which all the Jesuits' machinations could not ruin, is fallen into danger by her own.

"The last particular (for I am not willing to be too long) is myself. I was born and baptized in the bosom of the Church of England established by law: in that profession I have ever since lived, and in that I come now to die. This is no time to dissemble with God, least of all in matters of religion; and therefore I desire it may be remembered, I have always lived in the Protestant religion established in England, and in that I come now to die. What clamours and slanders I have endured for labouring to keep an uniformity in the external service of God, according to the doctrine and discipline of the Church, all men know, and I have abundantly felt." Vol. II. p. 443.

"He pronounced this awful prayer with a distinct and audible voice, and giving the paper to Dr. Stern, who had been permitted to attend him, desired him to communicate it to his other chaplains, that they might see in what manner he left this world; and he prayed God to bless them. Observing also, that a person had been writing his speech, he desired him not to do him wrong, by publishing a false and imperfect copy. His countenance had all this while a ruddier and more animated hue than it was wont to have; so that his enemies, with that malignity which marked all their proceedings towards him, said he had painted it, to fortify his cheeks against discovery of fear. The scaffold was crowded with people, and when he moved toward the block, he desired he might have room to die, beseeching them to let him have an end of his misery, which he had endured very long; and this he did as calmly 'as if he rather had been taking order for a nobleman's funeral, than making way for his own!' Being come near it, he put off his doublet and said, 'God's will be done! I am willing to go out of this world; none can be more willing to send me.' And seeing through the chinks of the boards that some persons were got under the scaffold about the very place where the block was seated, he called to the officer either to remove them, or stop the crevices, saying it was no part of his desire, that his blood should fall upon the heads of the people. 'Never,' says Heylyn, 'did man put off mortality with a better courage, nor look upon his bloody and malicious enemies with more Christian charity.' Sir J. Clotworthy now molested him with impertinent questions, and after meekly answering him once or twice, Laud turned to the executioner as the gentler person, and giving him money, said without the slightest change of countenance, 'Here, honest friend, God forgive thee, and I do; and do thy office upon me with mercy.' Then he knelt down, and after a short prayer, laid his head upon the block, and gave the signal in these words, 'Lord, receive my soul!' The head was severed at one blow; and instantly the face became pale as ashes, to the confusion of those who affirmed that he had painted it. Yet they had then the stupidity and the baseness to assert, that he had reddened his countenance, and propt up his spirit by some compounded cordial from an apothecary; so hard is the heart, and so impenetrable the understanding of the factious.

"Great multitudes attended this victim of sectarian persecution to the grave; the greater part attracted by curiosity, but many by love and veneration; and not a few it is believed by remorse of conscience, for having joined in the wicked and brutish clamour with which he had been hunted down. A baser triumph never was obtained by faction, nor was any triumph ever more basely celebrated. Even after this murder had been committed with all the mockery of law, his memory was assailed in libels of blacker virulence, (if that be possible) than those by which the deluded populace had been instigated to cry out for his blood; and to this day, those who have inherited the opinions of the Puritans, repeat with unabashed effrontery the imputations against him, as if they had succeeded to their implacable temper, and their hardihood of slander also. More grateful is it to observe how little is in the power of malice, even when in the dispensations of Providence it is permitted to do its worst. The enemies of Laud, cut off from him, at the utmost, a few short years of infirmity and pain; and this was all they could do! They removed from him the sight of calamities, which would have been to him tenfold more grievous than death; and they afforded him an opportunity of displaying at his trial and on the scaffold, as in a public theatre, a presence of mind, a strength of intellect, a calm and composed temper, an heroic and saintly

magnanimity, which he never could have been known to possess, if he had not thus been put to the proof. Had they contented themselves with stripping him of his rank and fortune, and letting him go to the grave a poor and broken-hearted old man, their calumnies might then have proved so effectual, that he would have been more noted now for his infirmities, than for his great and eminent virtues. But they tried him in the burning fiery furnace of affliction, and then his sterling worth was essayed and proved. And the martyrdom of Cranmer is not more inexpressibly disgraceful to the Roman Catholic, than that of Laud to Puritan persecutors.

"He was buried according to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England; a circumstance which afforded a deep but mournful consolation to those who revered and loved him. It seemed to them as if the venerable establishment itself over which he had presided, and for defending which he had died a martyr, were buried with him: for on the same day that six infamous peers past the ordinance of attainder against him, they past an act also, by which the Liturgy was suppressed, and a Directory for public worship set forth in its stead." Vol. II. p. 449.

We have indulged ourselves with transcribing this long passage, in hopes that it may contribute to do eventual, although tardy justice to the memory of Archbishop Laud. He is still spoken of, both by Radicals and Puritans, as an object of detestation and contempt. Such opinions will be confined within the limits of their converging supporters, as soon as the facts of the case are generally understood.

The restoration of the Church establishment in 1660, and the intrigues by which its unity was broken, form a very important chapter. The arts of Baxter and his adherents were never more completely exposed; and there is a condensation of materials in this part of the work, which deserves much praise. The Ecclesiastical history of the Revolution is also extremely well told, and enables Mr. Southey to conclude his book with an air of honest exultation.

"From the time of the Revolution the Church of England has partaken of the stability and security of the State. Here therefore I terminate this compendious, but faithful, view of its rise, progress, and political struggles. It has rescued us, first from heathenism, then from papal idolatry and superstition; it has saved us from temporal as well as spiritual despotism. We owe to it our moral and intellectual character as a nation; much of our private happiness, much of our public strength. Whatever should weaken it, would in the same degree injure the common weal; whatever should overthrow it, would in sure and immediate consequence bring down the goodly fabric of that Constitution, whereof it is a constituent and necessary part. If the friends of the Constitution understand this as clearly as its enemies, and act upon it as consistently and as actively, then will the Church and State be safe, and with them the liberty and the prosperity of our country." Vol. II. p. 528.

For this eloquent result of his inquiries, and for the careful steps by which he arrived at it, Mr. Southey must again accept our sincere thanks. We trust that he will not be satisfied with reprinting his interesting volumes, but will bestow a little additional trouble on what must have already cost so much, and remove the small number of blemishes which friends or even enemies may point out.—The omission of authorities and references is one of the greatest; and if the work is too general to admit of tracing every fact to its source, which we are inclined to think the case, the Preface might inform us what writers are principally followed. We do not think the better of a controversial historian for encumbering his margin

with hosts of unreachable references; but a list of the authors from whom a history is abridged, not only conveys valuable information to the reader, and enables him to increase his acquaintance with the times of which it treats, but is necessary to the permanent reputation and value of the work itself.

[As a contrast to the foregoing favourable notice, we copy the following extracts from an article in the *Universal Review*.]

"THERE is a time for all things," said Solomon; but we are satisfied, that he never contemplated a time for meagre motive and paltry performance—a time for a *Book of the Church*. If he did, he was not the Solomon we took him for.

This is a Laureate of all trades—war and divinity, navy and army, church and state, Waterloo and Wat Tyler, Wellington and Roderic the Goth, Admiral Nelson and the Abipones, John Wesley and Joan the Pucelle. Such are among the *omnia* that *Keswick* showers down with unmitigated ferocity on an unoffending world.

To "watch for the wind that blows," says an older writer than Mr. Southey, and to be ready for every wind, that is the thing which gives "the sailor fair weather wherever he goes." What spirit of a weathercock has transmigrated into our favourite bard, politician, royalist, republican, and reviewer, we may not tell. But no man alive knows the turns of the wind half so sensitively. Nelson dies—a midshipman's duodecimo! the quartos are anticipated. Portugal is at odds with Brazil—a History of Brazil, ready to go off with the first gun, two quartos! Wellington is in Spain—Don Espriella! The great Captain is reposing upon his laurels—the Peninsular War! The Laureateship is vacant—a Poem and a Dedication exquisitely *timed*, and fired point blank into the proper quarter! The Methodists are an ungleaned field—a Life of their apostle! Some old women have thought that the kibe of the Church has been trodden on—the *Book of the Church*, by way of embrocation. Thus all times and tastes are provided for with a commercial keenness equally dexterous, practised, and profitable. This it is to have been born at a sea-port. This it is that makes the fortune of the trader on the Guinea shore: cast gunpowder for the slave-merchant, Birmingham silver for King Joe, glass jewellery for the ladies of the haram, and Moses's gross of green spectacles for the general population.

Thus it is, to take a dearer and more domestic emblem, that the Jew-boy stocks himself with oranges for the winter theatres; valentines for February; sixpenny knives for the tender season, when young gentlemen carve young ladies' names on trees and summer-houses; and fire-works for the fifth of November: still, however, in all this happy variety, adhering to his original hereditary staple of old clothes—the *exuvie* of the dead, the rejected of the living!

In this pen-and-ink trade, the sale of course must depend upon

the assortment; and we know of no class of society to which this booth is not open to the utmost degree of patesfaction. To make customers of all, from Wat Tyler to George the Fourth, "that is the thing" which "makes the world his oyster;" and he opens its pockets with his pen.

We have, however, read his *Book*; and must say, with all humility, that it appears to us nothing more than the ecclesiastical portion of Henry's History of England.

The sketch given of the religion and superstitions of our early ancestors, is as incorrect as it is meagre. And yet it might have made an interesting chapter. In the History of the English Church, it should have found a distinguished place. But it was not so easy, as to transcribe the trial of Cobham, and the tale of Becket, and the progress of the Reformation. He must have hunted through Keyster, and Frickius, and Olaus Wormius, and Saxo Grammaticus, and he must have checked them by Cæsar, and Tacitus, and Pliny, and Vopiscus, and Lampridius, and Lucan, and Strabo, and twenty more; and he would have found himself driven to Rowlands, and Borlase, and Verstegan, and Mallet, and Stukely, and "twenty more;" and so on. This is costly. It may serve to mark the quantity of labour which the Laureate chooses to waste on the public.

Mr. Southey has a chapter on Papacy and Rome. Here we expected to find something of the vigour of a man who had scorned to waste himself on dry antiquities and misty fables. Here the fog of the Western Isles and the British forest was to be waded through no more, and his exploits were to be blazoned in that light for which the Greek champion prayed in vain. Here was pompous and pontific Rome to be the antagonist, and the scarlet lady to be "stript and whipt," as the puritan *hath* said. But here the Laureate's failure is total; his whole host of exclamations and compilations give way with the facility of Peninsular patriotism, and he leaves us to the desperate conclusion, that the habit of tayloring the thoughts of other men, has no connexion whatever, with the power of converting them into a substantial coverture for his own nudity. This is the painter who borrows a leg from the Elgin marbles, a brow from Raphael, and a tint from Titian, and contrives to make out of them—a harlequin!

Mr. Southey has so long slipped over the sea of publication, escorted by the summer sun and southern gale, &c. that he will probably feel double surprise at the criticism which has thus sat "expecting its evening prey." But reluctant as we may be to disturb the evening of Mr. Southey, it is not his name, nor ten times his name, that ought to prohibit remonstrance against the paltry spirit which is turning our literature into a mere matter of pounds, shillings and pence, restless and grasping speculation. Let Mr. Southey trade if he will in other things. We give him as extensive a charter as the whole range of the follies of human nature. But let him keep aloof from those high and sanctified things which

are not to be allowably touched by the hands, that touch every thing else marketable. Our religion, and the great establishment on which we look, as, under God, the chief preserver of pure religion in the empire and in the world, are topics beyond the catcher of every straw blown about in the vulgar air.

The church is *not* in danger, or if she be, it is more from the meddling of her officious friends, than from the strength of her open assailants. Her clergy form a body at least equal in scholarship and ability to any profession among us; equal to the old boasted ecclesiastical corporations abroad, the Benedictines and Jesuits, whose pre-eminent purpose was scholarship;—and superior to any community now existing in the world. When the time demands the talents of such men, they will not be slow to meet, and triumphantly meet, the exigency. But they will not suffer their lofty cause to be degraded into a bookselling contract, nor see Mr. Southey, with the advertising trumpet to his lips, with other sentiments than those for which books, nostrums, and travelling trumpeters, are made.

FROM THE RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

The Life of John Elwes, Esq. Member in three successive Parliaments for Berkshire, first published in the Paper of The World. Inscribed to Sir Paul Joddrell. By EDWARD TOPHAM, late Captain in the Second Troop of Horse Guards, and Magistrate for the Counties of Essex and York. Sixth Edit. London, 1790.

"Every singular character merits some notice from posterity, and I have always said, that if fate prolonged my life, I would write his."

Shaftesbury's Characteristics.

MAJOR TOPHAM, the biographer of one of the greatest misers that ever perished of excessive gold, was, in his day, an active officer, an agreeable companion, a lively writer, and a keen sportsman. He received the approbation of his king for the high state of discipline to which he raised the troop over which he commanded: and he was, in consequence of his military reform, caricatured in his time, as "the Tip-top Adjutant," in all the print-shop windows. Horne Tooke, George Colman, (the father of Old George Colman the Younger,) Wilkes, Jerningham, and Jekyll, were of his companions; and he was confessedly one of the most successful prologue and epilogue writers, that ever heralded a dull play, or entreated for a damned one. In two instances he was peculiarly fortunate, having written a prologue which was spoken by Lee Lewes, in the character of Moliere's Old Woman, and which brought full houses for many nights; and also having luckily hit upon a fashionable private play, as a subject for an epilogue, which was most agreeably written, and admirably delivered by the fas-

cinating Miss Farren, the present Countess of Derby. The elder Colman acknowledged that this epilogue produced £500 to the Haymarket Theatre during the season, a sum at which many an apoplectic tragedy of these degenerate days would stare with envy.

Major Topham's first production in the literary world was entitled *Letters from Edinburgh*, which was written with sufficient spirit to carry it into a second edition. This success, for a young fellow fresh from Cambridge, was not a little encouraging; and he was soon mixed up with all the smart writers of this metropolis. He wrote a little for the stage, and a little for the newspapers; and thus he caught Miles Peter Andrewes for an acquaintance, an epilogue and prologue writer of great momentary popularity. Mrs. Wells, of Drury-lane theatre, the celebrated actress, applied to him for an address; and so great was her beauty, that he paid her the best of his addresses. Indeed, so enamoured did the Major become of her exceeding loveliness, that he started a paper, *The World*, for the great purpose of lauding his mistress into public favour. *The World*, standing on this tender ground, took captive all the sentimentalists of the age, and became widely circulated, and vastly profitable. In this paper, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Cowley, Merry and the rest of that dewy crew, that whined under the satin banners of the Della Cruscan Muse, first adored each other as lovers and strangers. In this paper, too, as though purposely to contrast with the effeminaey of such writers, did Humphreys and Mendoza pen haughty letters of defiance and war: and, much to the credit of the then public taste be it said, that the sale of *The World* experienced more benefit from the Jew than the Gentile.

It was during his connexion with this paper, that Major Topham wrote *The Life of John Elwes*, the subject of our present article; and the interest which the public took in the portions periodically given to them, induced the Major to gather the pieces together, touch them up with a correcting pen, add a tidy little preface about truth—and modesty—and gratitude—and so forth; prefix a dedication to Doctor Joddrell,—and send forth a smart, profitable pamphlet, which certainly amused a wide circle of English readers at the time, and still preserved the curious memory of a miser in the spirit of pleasant prose. The Major, soon after the publication of this piece of pinching biography, retired into Yorkshire, and became a great magistrate and breeder of greyhounds!

John Elwes, originally John or Jack Meggot, came of a real miser breed;—his uncle, Sir Harvey Elwes, from whom he derived the great bulk of his wealth and whose name he took, on coming to the property, was “a perfect picture of human penury,” and Mrs. Meggot, his mother, left nearly *one hundred thousand pounds*, and *starved herself to death*. It might have been reasonably expected, that John Elwes should have been an extravagant blood, but it was ordered, to use a gambling phrase, that “there should be a run upon the colour;” and therefore, with all his mother's parsimony and in tenderness to the memory of Sir

Harvey, Jack Meggot continued the full purse and empty stomach—betraying occasional symptoms of bursting a vein,—but at length escaping all the dangerous temptations of youth, and withering into a genuine Elwes, and dying at last of extreme wealth! In one or two instances, during his youthful days, he was betrayed into heart-breaking losses of gold; but he had the satisfaction of reflecting, that he had ventured for great gains, however his ventures had failed. To the penurious, a great loss is more endurable than a trifling one; for the former is only a partial removal from the hoard which by patience can be regarnered,—but the last is a check to the hoarding itself,—a stop to the harvesting. A penny saved is a penny got, and there is an end of it,—but it is in the act of saving, that any disappointment is to be apprehended.

"The family name of Mr. Elwes was Meggot: and as his name was John, the conjunction of Jack Meggot, made strangers sometimes imagine that his intimates were addressing him by an assumed appellation. His father was a brewer of great eminence. His dwelling house and offices were situated in Southwark; which borough was formerly represented in parliament by his grandfather, Sir George Meggot. Mr. Clowes is now in possession of the above premises. He purchased, during his life, the estate now in possession of the family at Marcham, in Berkshire, of the Calvers, who were in the same line. The father died while the late Mr. Elwes was only four years old; so, little of the character of Mr. Elwes is to be attributed to him; but from the mother it may be traced at once—for though she was left nearly one hundred thousand pounds by her husband—she starved herself to death!"

Of the mother, Mrs. Meggot, nothing more is known than the two facts of her wealth and her starvation. Of Sir Harvey Elwes some particulars are preserved, which we should do wrong not to hoard up in this article, out of respect to his memory. He resided at Stoke in Suffolk:—who shall say he *lived* there?—A partridge, a small pudding, and a potato dieted the baronet; and he suffered the fire in the coldest day in winter to go out, while he dined;—as "eating was quite exercise enough." When his nephew John dined with him, the latter was compelled, from the inordinate size of his appetite, to get a dinner before he dined, and thus reduce himself to the poverty of Sir Harvey's dishes. The uncle liked to see his nephew pinching his appetite, and it may be, that if he had detected a hearty meal travelling down Jack Meggot's throat, he would have disinherited him. John played the Joseph, for he had sense enough to discern, that his uncle was no Sir Oliver Surface, to admire extravagance and exclaim "Charles, you are my heir."

The nephew's outside was qualified, like his interior, to attract the uncle's favour. He used to stop at a little inn at Chelmsford, and begin to dress in character for the Miserly Masquerade. At this time, John Elwes being young in the world and its affairs, dressed like other people:—He first crept out of his every-day clothes, and then sneaked into an old coat, harassed with age—a pair of darned yet unmended worsted stockings, a pair of iron buckles, and a tattered waistcoat;—and thus habited for the court-

ship of avarice, this living volume of political economy rode on to visit his relative. Sir Harvey used to contemplate his appearance with delight, and would walk round the rags, gazing upon them with the eye of a Sir Giles Overreach. Down they would sit at a miserable table in an old miserable room—with a single stick, libelling a fire,—and thus seated, would rail, careful pair! at the profuseness of the age, and the extravagance of man! One glass of wine served both of these thrifty sages, and when evening closed in, they tottered off to bed—old Old Age, and young Old Age,—chuckling over the stingy truth, that “going to bed saves candle-light.”

Sir Harvey loved not society:—solitude was his society, for in it was he able to chatter to his gold!—He loved not women!—Indeed he was chastity. itself. But money was his mistress!—He kept his guineas!

We thought it, at first, rather unfortunate for our preliminary remarks, that in the Elwes family, misers came in a cluster;—but it is some consolation to know, that Sir Jervaise, the baronet immediately preceding Sir Harvey, was a free gentleman, who incumbered the estates as heavily as he had the power, and who, therefore, left Sir Harvey good ground for his particular kind of tillage. Sir Harvey had not more than one hundred pounds per annum, when he came to the title,—and he declared that he would never leave the paternal seat till he had entirely cleared the estate;—and he lived to over-keep his word, to the amount of one hundred thousand pounds. He loved saving money and setting partridges. The following is a good sketch of his person.

“During the partridge season, Sir Harvey and his man never missed a day, if the weather was tolerable—and his breed of dogs being remarkably good, he seldom failed in taking great quantities of game. At all times, he wore a black velvet cap much over his face—a worn-out full-dressed suit of clothes, and an old great coat, with worsted stockings drawn up over his knees. He rode a thin thorough bred horse, and “the horse and his rider” both looked as if a gust of wind would have blown them away together.”

The fact of his leading a solitary life and having great wealth soon became known, and a gang of rogues determined on robbing him. The men waited about his house until the servant came to serve the horses, whom they bound, and then entering the house, presented a pistol at Sir Harvey.

“At no part of his life did Sir Harvey ever behave so well as in this transaction. When they asked for his money, he would give them no answer till they had assured him that his servant, who was a great favourite, was safe:—he then delivered them the key of a drawer, in which were fifty guineas. But they knew, too well, he had much more in the house, and again threatened his life, without he discovered where it was deposited. At length he showed them the place, and they turned out a large drawer, where were *seven and twenty hundred guineas*. This they packed up in two large baskets and actually carried off. *A robbery which, for quantity of specie, was perhaps never equalled.* On quitting him, they told him they should leave a man behind, who would murder him if he moved for assistance. On which he very coolly, and with some simplicity, took out his watch which they had not asked for, and said, ‘Gentlemen, I do not want to take any of you, therefore, upon my honour, I will give you twenty minutes for your escape: after that

time, nothing shall prevent me from seeing how my servant does.' He was as good as his word: when the time expired, he went and untied the man; but, though some search was made by the village, the robbers were not discovered.

"When they were taken up, some years afterwards for other offences, and were known to be the men who robbed Sir Harvey, he would not appear against them."

What spendthrift could have acted with the steadiness and affection of this old miser? He here rises above his gold, and stands up in all the goodness of the natural man.

Sir Harvey was given over for a consumption in his youth, and yet scraped together poor miserable days enough to make up a life-property of nearly ninety years!—such is the result of inveterate saving.

Sir Harvey had two neighbours,—baronets,—of brave name,—who indulged in similar prudent habits with himself. Sir Cordwell Firebras and Sir John Barnardiston haggled with Sir Harvey Elwes over a tavern bill for a pint of wine—and some one was obliged to assist the *poor* in settling the dispute.

"When Sir Harvey died, the only tear that was dropped upon his grave, fell from the eye of his servant, who had long and faithfully attended him. To that servant he bequeathed a farm of fifty pounds per annum, 'to him and his heirs.'"

"In the chastity and abstinence of his life, Sir Harvey Elwes was a rival to Sir Isaac Newton—for he would have held it unpardonable to have *given*—even his affections. And, as he saw no lady whatever, he had but little chance of bartering them matrimonially for money.

"When he died, he lay in *state*, such as it was, at his seat at Stoke. Some of the tenants observed, with more humour than decency, 'that it was well Sir Harvey could not see it.'"

"On his death, his fortune, which had now become immense, fell to his nephew, Mr. Meggot, who, by will, was ordered to assume the name and arms of Elwes."

It is a curious fact that Sir Harvey was never put to any expense for clothes—he walked at least in some of the habits of his ancestor—for he invariably put his hand into an old chest and took out the fine tarnished dresses, which had lain there moth-beloved, since the gallant days of gay Sir Jervaise; even Mr. Elwes clothed from the same chest:—Surely the cloth was woven in an *heir-loom*!

Mr. Elwes came into all the baronet's property. The mansion was as it had been in ages past:—Not a room had been painted, not a window repaired,—and the beds were all in canopy and state, as of old—but now sacred only to the worm, the mouse, and the moth. The roofs had given over all disputes with the wind and the rain,—and the snow in the winter time found a more comfortable lodging than usual.

Mr. Elwes was forty years of age when he succeeded to this wealth. He had previously passed ten or twelve years at Westminster; where, as usual in public schools, he became a good classical scholar, and knew little or nothing about writing and arithmetic. The late Lord Mansfield was his schoolfellow and friend. Young Elwes afterwards went to Geneva, and became an admirable horseman, rivalling Mr. Worsley and Sir Sidney Meadows, the then finest riders of the age. Elwes was the rough-rider to the other two.

The return of Mr. Elwes to England took place about fifteen years before he succeeded to the estate of Sir Harvey—and, having a turn for play, he indulged in its dangerous pleasures, until bad fortune and irregular paymasters sickened him of the vice. Of course he never wholly overcame the passion for speculation,—but his love of money did much to keep it under.

"Had Mr. Elwes received all he won, he would have been the richer by some thousands, for the mode in which he passed this part of his life: but the vowels of I. O. U. were then in use, and the sums that were owed him, even by *very noble names*, were not liquidated. On this account he was a very great loser by play; and though he never could, or perhaps would, ascertain the sum, I know from circumstances since, that it was very considerable. The theory which he professed, '*that it was impossible to ask a gentleman for money*,' he perfectly confirmed by the practice; and he never violated this feeling to the latest hour of his life.

"On this subject, which regards the manners of Mr. Elwes, gladly I seize an opportunity to speak of them with the praise that is their due. They were such—so gentle, so attentive, so gentlemanly, and so engaging, that rudeness could not ruffle them, nor strong ingratitude break their observance. He retained this peculiar feature of the *old court* to the last: but he had a praise far beyond this; he had the most gallant disregard of his own person, and all care about himself, I ever witnessed in man. The instances in younger life, in the most imminent personal hazard, are innumerable: but when age had despoiled him of his activity, and might have rendered care and attention about himself natural, he knew not what they were. He wished no one to assist him—'He was as young as ever—he could walk—he could ride, and he could dance; and he hoped he should not give trouble, even when he was old.' He was, at that time, seventy-five."

Major Topham relates a very curious instance of the struggle between the gambler and the miser in Mr. Elwes, which, from the extraordinary contrast it displays, is, we think, peculiarly interesting.

"After sitting up a whole night at play for thousands, with the most fashionable and profligate men of the time, amidst splendid rooms, gilt sofas, wax lights, and waiters attendant on his call, he would walk out, about four in the morning, not towards home, but into Smithfield! to meet his own cattle, which were coming from Thaydon-hall, a farm of his in Essex. There would this same man, forgetful of the scenes he had just left, stand in the cold or rain, bartering with a carcase-butcher for a shilling! Sometimes when the cattle did not arrive at the hour expected, he would walk on in the mire to meet them; and, more than once, has gone on foot the whole way to his farm without stopping, which was seventeen miles from London, after sitting up the whole night."

Mr. Elwes never rode in post-chaises. The horse's back was his carriage.—And upon this, with a hard boiled egg in his pocket—a scrap or two of bread, and *no baggage*—he would take the road, (the most turnpikeless road, as the Irish Orator would say,) and midway in his travel, would stop under some hedge where grass grew, and there, with a little water, would refresh himself and his luckless horse. He was at the very moment worth five hundred thousand pounds.

Before Sir Harvey died, Mr. Elwes lived at Marcham,—but on the Baronet's death he took up his residence at Stoke, where, in spite of its ruinous state, the weather was better kept out than at Marcham. The house at Marcham was like a great filtering stone. Colonel Timms, a nephew of Mr. Elwes, has often mentioned the following anecdote respecting it.

"A few days after he went thither, a great quantity of rain fell in the night—he had not been long in bed before he felt himself wet through; and putting his hand out of the clothes, found the rain was dropping through the ceiling upon the bed—he got up and moved the bed; but he had not lain long before he found the same inconvenience. Again he got up, and again the rain came down. At length, after pushing the bed quite round the room, he got into a corner where the ceiling was better secured, and he slept till morning. When he met his uncle at breakfast, he told him what had happened—"Aye! aye!" said the old man, "I don't mind it myself; but to those who do, that's a nice corner in the rain!"

At Stoke, Mr. Elwes was guilty of a mild extravagance;—he took to keeping a pack of fox hounds, not fifty-two to the pack—merely a few famished, industrious dogs, that hunted well upon empty stomachs—but how did he keep them?—by servants, whippers-in, and huntsmen?—No. He kept one man, who kept the hounds. And this famous fellow arose at four o'clock, milked the cows, watered the horses, and got his master's breakfast; then slipping on a green coat, he hurried into the stable, saddled the horses, and unkenelled the dogs. The day over, he refreshed himself with rubbing down the horses, laying the cloth, milking the cow, and waiting at dinner. Then he fed the horses, then the dogs, and then he littered up the horses for the night. The horses, it will be seen, had their share of him. There is no account extant of his ever having eaten or drunk himself, and we rather think his time would not allow of it. Elwes used to call him "an idle dog!"—and that he "wanted his wages for doing nothing."

Our hero (when was a miser a hero before?) bred his own hunters, and never broke them until they were six years old. The great Derby and St. Leger Races, which are run by *three-year-olds*, would have fared very badly with Mr. Elwes. What grand, bold, bony colts, must his paddocks have contained? It is on record, that he has been offered three hundred guineas for a hunter—a good price in those days. Could he refuse?

Occasionally he visited Newmarket, though it is said, that he did not take or lay the odds. One kindness, however, he was guilty of, which should not be overlooked. Lord Abingdon had made a match for £7000, which it was supposed he would be obliged to forfeit, from a scarcity of cash to make up the stake. The odds were in his favour. Mr. Elwes made an unsolicited offer of the money, which his Lordship accepted, and with which he won the race. On the day the match was run, Mr. Elwes rode to Newmarket,—mumbled a crushed old stale pancake on the heath—saw the sports, and returned home without any other refreshment. It was on this very day of self-denial and fatigue, that he hazarded £7000 for a friend!

Mr. Elwes had two sons, whom he brought with him out of Berkshire, and for whom he appears to have had a respectable affection. Education he refused them, for it "put things into people's heads," but he seems not to have been harsh, or extremely penurious towards them. His heart, indeed, was not steady, when it jostled against a shilling; but otherwise, it was a fairish speci-

men of a fatherly heart. One of his sons, while gathering grapes, fell from the ladder and hurt himself: The boy went to the village, and had himself blooded. When his father heard it, he was astounded. "Bled! bled!" said the old man, "but what did you give?" "A shilling," replied the boy;—"Psha," said the father, "you are a blockhead, never part with your *blood!*"—It is easy to see what kind of blood was the dearest to him. Mr. Elwes would have written a good comment on that passage in Macbeth, describing the king after the murder, "Here lay Duncan, his *silver* skin laced with his *golden* blood."

Offers of high interest, and speculations holding out extravagant successes, would often lure the thousands out of his purse, never again to return! Thus, while he saved a shilling, lumps of money were falling away from him. He denied himself all personal comforts, and would rather walk about London in the rain, than venture into a coach in the severest weather. He would dry his drenched clothes, by *patiently hatching* a warmth in them, for nothing could justify a fire. He would eat his food in the last state of putrefaction, rather than have a fresh joint; "and he wore a wig for a fortnight," says the Major, "which I saw him pick out of a rut, in a lane, where we were riding." His wig was the cast-off scratch of a beggar! The first day he wore it, he had torn his brown coat, (no *green* thing) and had been obliged to go to the old clothes' well, the chest of Sir Jervaise; whence he selected a full dressed green velvet coat with slash sleeves; and he sat at dinner in this great garment, booted, and beggar-wigged, with his own silver hairs shining under the ragged, rusty scratch, and his face looking high satisfaction.

Where money did not meddle, he was a kind and indefatigable creature: the following instance of a miser's knight-errantry in the cause of two distressed damosels, is perhaps the most whimsical, and certainly the cheapest sally for the sex, that romantic history records. The Major is himself figurative when he speaks of it, for, in selecting the anecdote, he calls it, "plucking the sweet briar and the rose, from the weeds that overspread the garden." This sentence must have flattered Mrs. Wells's heart, and tickled the sentimentality of Miles Peter Andrewes!

"When Mr. Elwes was at Marcham, two very ancient maiden ladies, in his neighbourhood, had, for some neglect, incurred the displeasure of the spiritual court, and were threatened with immediate "excommunication."—The whole import of the word they did not perfectly understand, but they had heard something about standing in a church, and a penance, and their ideas immediately ran upon a white sheet. They concluded, if they once got into that, it was all over with them; and as the excommunication was to take place the next day, away they hurried to Mr. Elwes, to know how they could make submission, and how the sentence might be prevented. No time was to be lost. Mr. Elwes did that which, fairly speaking, not one man in five thousand would have done; he had his horse saddled, and putting, according to usual custom, a couple of hard eggs in his pocket, he set out for London that evening, and reached it early enough the next morning to notify the submission of the culprit damsels. Riding sixty miles in the night, to confer a favour upon two antiquated virgins, to whom he had no particular obligation, was really,

what not one man in five thousand would have done: but where personal fatigue could serve, Mr. Elwes never spared it.

"The ladies were so overjoyed—so thankful: So much trouble and expense.—What returns could they make? To ease their consciences on this head, an old Irish gentleman, their neighbour, who knew Mr. Elwes's mode of travelling, wrote these words—"My Dears, is it expense you are talking of? send him six-pence, and he gains two-pence by the journey."

We wonder whether Sir Gawaine, or Sir Bertram, or any other of the iron breeched knights of old, who went about poking their lances into people's eyes, to "succour distressed ladies," ever thought of carrying a hard egg in their tin pockets. How much more fatigue they might have endured! What mighty feats might not the munching of a firm yellow yolk have led to! We read, indeed, that Don Quixote was repeatedly worsted by an undue attention to the victualling of his forces. Riding sixty miles for two old girls, who had weathered out a like number of years, is no bad proof of the merit of eggs.

Mr. Elwes was now enjoying a close rural life, when Lord Craven, who admired his honest character as a county magistrate, proposed bringing him into parliament for Berkshire. He possessed great property in houses in London, and occasionally he visited the metropolis to see how they went on.

"In possessions so large, of course it would happen that some of the houses were without a tenant; and, therefore, it was the custom of Mr. Elwes, whenever he went to London, to occupy any of these premises which might happen to be vacant. He had thus a new way of seeing London and its inhabitants—for he travelled in this manner from street to street; and when any body chose to take the house where he was, he was always ready to move into any other. He was frequently an itinerant for a night's lodging; and though master of above a hundred houses, he never wished to rest his head long in any he chose to call his own. A couple of beds, a couple of chairs, a table, and an old woman, were all his furniture; and he moved them about at a minute's warning. Of all these moveables, the old woman was the only one that gave him trouble, for she was afflicted with a lameness that made it difficult to get her about quite so fast as he chose; and then the colds she took were amazing; for sometimes she was in a small house in the Hay-market; at another in a great house in Portland-place; sometimes in a little room and a coal-fire; at other times with a few chips, which the carpenters had left, in rooms of most splendid, but frigid dimensions, and with a little oiled paper in the windows for glass. In truth, she perfectly realized the words of the psalmist—for, though the old woman might not be wicked, she certainly was "here to-day, and gone to-morrow."

The account of this old woman's death is singularly curious. It was related by Colonel Timms, and is declared by Major Topham to be strictly correct.

"Mr. Elwes had come to town in his usual way, and taken up his abode in one of his houses that were empty. Colonel Timms, who wished much to see him, by some accident was informed that his uncle was in London; but then how to find him was the difficulty. He inquired at all the usual places where it was probable he might be heard of: he went to Mr. Hoare's, his banker—to the Mount Coffee house—but no tidings were to be heard of him. Not many days afterwards, however, he learnt from a person whom he met accidentally, that they had seen Mr. Elwes going into an uninhabited house in Great Marlborough-street. This was some clue to Colonel Timms: and away he went thither. As the best mode of information, he got hold of a chairman—but no intelligence could he gain of a gentleman called Mr. Elwes. Colonel Timms then described his person—but no gen-

tleman had been seen. A pot-boy, however, recollected that he had seen a poor old man opening the door of the stable, and locking it after him: and from every description, it agreed with the person of old Mr. Elwes. Of course, Colonel Timms went to the house:—he knocked very loudly at the door—but no one answered. Some of the neighbours said they had seen such a man, but no answer could be obtained from the house. On this added information, however, Colonel Timms resolved to have the stable door opened, and a blacksmith was sent for—and they entered the house together. In the lower parts of it—all was shut and silent. On ascending the staircase, however, they heard the moans of a person, seeming in distress. They went to the chamber—and there, upon an old pallet bed, lay stretched out, seemingly in death, the figure of old Mr. Elwes. For some time he seemed insensible that any body was near him; but on some cordials being administered by a neighbouring apothecary, who was sent for, he recovered enough to say—‘That he had, he believed, been ill for two or three days, and that there was an old woman in the house, but for some reason or other she had not been near him. That she had been ill herself, but that she had got well, he supposed, and gone away’

“On repairing to the garrets, they found the old woman—the companion of all his movements, and the partner of all his journeys—stretched out lifeless on a rug upon the floor—To all appearances, she had been dead about two days.

“Thus died the servant; and thus would have died, but for the providential discovery of him by Colonel Timms, old Mr. Elwes, her master! And let politicians hold forth, after this, on the blessings of a ‘land of plenty.’ Let moralists reason on the proper uses of wealth—and here shall they view an existing example which shall baffle all their theory. A mother, in Mrs. Meggot, who, possessing one hundred thousand pounds, starved herself to death:—and her son, who certainly was then worth half a million, nearly dying in his own house for want!”

On being elected member for Berkshire, he left Suffolk for Marcham,—and took with him his old wig and his fox-hounds!—The latter he soon disposed of—for, finding his new engagements sufficient for the consumption of his time, he dissolved his parliament of beasts, and threw himself upon his country. He was now sixty years of age:—but active as a greyhound, and not much lustier. He still attended the races—and “at the different assemblies, he would dance amongst the youngest to the last, after riding over on horseback, and frequently in the rain, to the place of meeting.”

“A gentleman, who was one night standing by, observed on the extraordinary agility of so old a man.—‘O! that is nothing,’ replied another, ‘for Mr. Elwes, to do this, rode twenty miles in the rain, with his shoes stuck into his boots, and his bag-wig in his pocket.’”

In the year 1774, the old gentleman took his seat in the House of Commons.—And he was returned,—as he liked best,—at no expense. At the same time Fox, who had met him at Newmarket, and had sat at the same *table* with him “late o’ nights,” thought that he should secure a vote. Mr. Elwes, however, joined the party of Lord North, from a belief that his measures were right—but he never voted or sat rigidly on one side of the house. He was, what was called, a parliamentary coquette.

His dress did not brighten for the house. Indeed his pauper clothes often drew pity from passengers in the street. For Speaker’s dinners, however, he had dipped successfully into the old chest of Sir Jervaise—and the suit, so fished up, became well known at many tables during the session. His wig getting *bald*, he took to his own scant silver locks, and carried about thirty-nine thin, white, naked hairs on his head to the grave.

Lord North retained our miser member late into the American War,—but at length being convinced of his error, Mr. Elwes joined Mr. Fox in the opposition—and carried on the parliamentary war against the minister, until he was driven from power in 1782. Then came the usual rush for place and profit—at which Mr. Elwes looked with a calm eye and an indifferent heart.

"The debates at this period were very long and interesting, and generally continued till a late hour in the morning. Mr. Elwes, who never left any company, public or private, the first, always stayed out the whole debate. After the division, Mr. Elwes, without a great coat, would immediately go out of the House of Commons into the cold air, and, merely to save the expense of a hackney coach, walk to the Mount Coffee House. Sir Joseph Mawbey, and Mr. Wood of Lyttleton, who went the same way as Mr. Elwes did, often proposed a hackney-coach to him, but the reply always was, 'he liked nothing so much as walking.' However, when their hackney-coach used to overtake him, he had no objection to coming in to them; knowing that they must pay the fare. This circumstance happened so often, that they used to smile at this act of small cunning, and indulge him in it.

"But as the satisfaction of being conveyed home for nothing did not always happen, on those nights when it did not, Mr. Elwes invariably continued his plan of walking. A circumstance happened to him on one of these evenings, which gave him a whimsical opportunity of displaying that disregard of his own person which I have before noticed. The night was very dark, and hurrying along, he went with such violence against the pole of a sedan chair, which he did not see, that he cut both his legs very deeply. As usual, he thought not of any assistance: but Colonel Timms, at whose house he then was, in Orchard-street, insisted upon some one being sent for. Old Elwes at length submitted, and an apothecary was called in, who immediately began to expatiate on 'the bad consequences of breaking the skin—the good fortune of his being sent for—and the peculiar bad appearance of Mr. Elwes's wound.' 'Very probably,' said old Elwes, 'but Mr. —, I have one thing to say to you—in my opinion my legs are not much hurt; now you think they are—so I will make this agreement: I will take one leg, and you shall take the other; you shall do what you please with yours, and I will do nothing to mine; and I will wager your bill that my leg gets well the first.'

"I have frequently heard him mention, with great triumph, that he beat the apothecary by a fortnight."

This race between the two sick legs is sufficiently amusing, but he was jockey enough to know how to cross and jostle his antagonist's limb, and we have no doubt he would not let the doctor's leg win.

The members of the house bled him pretty freely and well, and thus some of his wealth got loose. Every needy brother had his scheme—"iron works in America," "gold mines,"—"foreign investments."—He has, indeed, acknowledged that three contested elections could not have drained him so much, as his fellow-representatives.

On the dismissal of Lord North, Mr. Elwes remained for a time with Fox; afterwards he joined the Marquis of Lansdowne, and subsequently opposed him. He was no party man; and Sir Edward Astley, Sir George Saville, Mr. Powis, and Mr. Marsham, all pestered him about his versatility. In voting for the coalition, he disturbed the peace of poor Major Topham. It was a mighty sin!

With the coalition ended Mr. Elwes's parliamentary life: He would not stand a contested election. The following character of

Sheridan is interesting, and has an air of truth about it. Sheridan had the power to suit himself to all persons, and he of course appeared the man of business to a man of business.

"Mr. Elwes, even in his support of the coalition, chiefly attached himself to the men of private good character in the party. Hence, the Duke of Portland, Lord John Cavendish, were always favourites with him—and I have often heard him say, what to some may appear singular, 'that there was not a better man of business in the whole house than Mr. Sheridan.'"

At the time that Mr. Elwes retired from parliament, his famous servant retired from life. He rode well in his master's steps, and had crystallized into a miser, from having an example ever before him, without himself having the activity, the time, or the means to save. He starved himself to death, out of respect to his master!—

"He died, as he was following his master, upon a hard trotting horse, into Berkshire, and he died empty and poor; for his yearly wages were not above four pounds; and he had fasted the whole day on which he expired. The life of this extraordinary domestic certainly verified a saying which Mr. Elwes often used, and the saying was this—'If you keep one servant, your work is done; if you keep two, it is half done; but if you keep three, you may do it yourself.' That there were very few kinds of work which this servant could not do, may be estimated by what he did: but that his knowledge of how some things were done, was not very extensive, may be taken from the following circumstance.

"When the Lower House carried up their address to the King, on the subject of the American war, old Thomas (for that was the name of the fellow) who had never seen his master do any thing but ride on his most important occasions, imagined he was to ride up to his Majesty at St. James's, and speak to him on horseback. Accordingly he cleaned up the old saddles, gave the horses a feed of corn at his own expense, and at his own expense too had a piece of new riband in front, put upon one of the bridles; and all this that his master might do things handsomely, and like a parliament man! But when he found how his master was to go; saw the carriage of Colonel Timms at the door, who, by borrowing for Mr. Elwes a bag-wig, lending him a shirt with laced ruffles, and new furbishing his everlasting coat, had made him look very differently from what he usually did, and in truth, much like a gentleman, old Thomas, returning all his own zeal and finery into the stables, observed, with regret, that 'mayhap, his master might look a bit of a gentleman—but he was so altered, nobody would know him.'"

Soon after his retirement from the House, Mr. Elwes assisted a gentleman in the guards with money to purchase a majority; and he lent the assistance like a gentleman. But such liberality in our curious friend can always be contrasted with some singular instance of outrageous saving.

"It seems Mr. Elwes had requested Mr. Spurling to accompany him to Newmarket. It was a day in one of the spring meetings which was remarkably filled with races; and they were out from six in the morning till eight o'clock in the evening before they again set out for home. Mr. Elwes, in the usual way, would eat nothing; but Mr. Spurling was wiser, and went down to Newmarket. When they began their journey home, the evening was grown very dark and cold, and Mr. Spurling rode on somewhat quicker; but on going through the turnpike by the Devil's Ditch, he heard Mr. Elwes calling to him with great earnestness. On returning before he had paid, Mr. Elwes said—'Here! here! follow me! this is the best road!' In an instant he saw Mr. Elwes, as well as the night would permit, climbing his horse up the precipice of the ditch. 'Sir,' said Mr. Spurling, 'I can never get up there.' 'No danger at all!' replied old Elwes; 'but if your horse be not safe, lead him!' At length with great difficulty, and with one of the horses falling, they mounted the ditch, and then, with not less toil, got down on the

other side. When they were safe landed on the plain, Mr. Spurling thanked Heaven for their escape. 'Aye,' said old Elwes, 'you mean from the turnpike. Very right; never pay a turnpike if you can avoid it!' In proceeding on their journey, they came to a very narrow road; at which Mr. Elwes, notwithstanding the cold, went as slowly as possible. On Mr. Spurling wishing to quicken their pace, old Elwes observed that he was letting his horse feed on some hay that was hanging on the sides of the hedge—'Besides,' added he, 'it is nice hay, and you have it for nothing.' "

Here the Major, struck aghast with his own history, breaks out into the following exclamation.

"Strange man! whose penury and prodigality, whose profusion and meanness, all so mixed together, puzzle me still more and more, as I detail them to the public!"

Mr. Elwes was seventy-five years of age when he retired from parliament, and the return to indolence made old age begin to think of its rights, and to assert them. He occasionally attended a card club at the Mount Coffee house, where the play was usually moderate, and the fire, paid for by the general purse, good. On one night a keen hand pinned him down to picquet, at which he prided himself as a player, and after a contest of two days and a night, Mr. Elwes rose up three thousand pounds the lighter. He paid the loss by a draft on Hoare's, and never played picquet or the fool to such an excess again.

In 1785, as he was desirous of once more revisiting Stoke, a friend offered to take him there free of expense, and he jumped at the offer.

"The rooms at his seat at Stoke, that were now much out of repair, and would have all fallen in, but for his son, John Elwes, esq. who had resided there, he thought too expensively furnished, as worse things might have done. If a window was broken, there was to be no repair but that of a little brown paper, or that of piecing in a bit of broken glass, which had at length been done so frequently, and in so many shapes, that it would have puzzled a mathematician to say, 'what figure they described.' To save fire, he would walk about the remains of an old greenhouse, or sit, with a servant, in the kitchen. During the harvest he would amuse himself with going into the fields to glean the corn, on the grounds of his own tenants; and they used to leave a little more than common, to please the old gentleman, who was as eager after it as any pauper in the parish."

Gleaning, of course, was dearer than reaping could have been!—it was the miser's harvest!—He used to pick up bones, chips, and sticks, and has been heard to abuse the crows for their prodigality in building their nests. He rode an old blood mare barefooted about the green lanes; not that it saved shoes, of course!—no—"the turf was so pleasant to a horse's foot!" If a boy put hay in the rack for a visiter's horse, the old gentleman would displace it.

While in the country at this period he was introduced to Mrs. Wells, the Major's favourite, and he acknowledged to that lady he had never been at the theatre. Why did not Sheridan give him an order? This want of theatrical curiosity is utterly distracting to the Major, who always thought a play and a greyhound two of the chief blessings of life.

The mind of Mr. Elwes was now beginning to die. He offered to lend money to his biographer, who declined it. The spring of 1786 he passed alone at Stoke, and money now began to haunt him like a spectre. From Stoke he went to Thaydon hall, the most ruinous of all his ruins; and from thence he came to London. He made his will in favour of his sons, even in the then misery of his intellect.

Major Topham, who seems indeed to have little relish of the will, and who holds it with an angry hand, like Marc Antony, here mentions that the sons of Mr. Elwes were natural children, and then begs a long prevaricating pardon for the exposure.

"In mentioning these gentlemen as 'his natural children,' my respect for them, I am sure, will not be diminished: and a ring of no small value, lately sent to me by George Elwes, esq. in memory of their father, tells me I hold some place in their esteem. On the subject of natural children, what the facetious Dick Beckford once said so well, no man need be ashamed to repeat—"when so many unnatural children are abroad, I never shall blush to be called the natural child of my father."

"A sentiment like this will not misbecome the sons of Mr. Elwes: and as, from the large property which has fallen to their share, some rank in society must be theirs also, that property will only be a benefit, or otherwise, as it is or is not well employed. In the person of their father, they have seen how small may be the advantage of enormous wealth; how little the happiness it confers, when confined; and that, given to us for good or pleasurable purposes, for private or public ends, riches are a blessing only as they are used.

"If these hints be of service, their father will not have lived in vain: and that these hints should not be disregarded, is their peculiar duty—for never yet has that prodigy been shown to mankind, of one family being misers through three generations."

The summer of 1788, Mr. Elwes passed at his house in Welbeck street. He used to get up early in the morning to visit his houses in Marylebone street, which were undergoing repair. He was generally on the spot before the workmen, and used to seat himself on the step before the door, to scold them when they did come. The neighbours took *him* for one of the workmen, and the remark was, that "there never was so punctual a man as the *old carpenter*." He now grew feverish and restless, hoarded small portions of money in different places, and visited them continually to see that they were safe. When this time arrives to the miser, be sure, the day is ever near at hand, when he himself is about to be garnered into the vast storehouse of eternity!

In the winter of 1789, his memory and health underwent a great change. His son had married in the spring, and wished his father to enjoy the comforts of a home; but old Mr. Elwes had outlived the enjoyment of all comforts. He, to be sure, had nearly suffered a marriage with one of the servants, who was shrewd enough to botch up a thread-bare passion. This late connubial speculation, however, was, fortunately for all parties, prevented by a timely interference. Mr. Elwes was now conveyed to his son's house in Berkshire. He took with him five guineas, and a half-crown; and this pinch of money fretted him day and night. He would call

out in the dark, "*I will keep my money,—nobody shall rob me of my property!*"—The sand had nearly run out.

"Mr. Partis, who was then with him in Berkshire, was waked one morning about two o'clock, by the noise of a naked foot, seemingly walking about his bed-chamber with great caution. Somewhat alarmed at the circumstance, he naturally asked, 'Who is there?' On which a person coming up towards the bed, said with great civility—"Sir, my name is Elwes; I have been unfortunate enough to be robbed in this house, which I believe is mine, of all the money I have in the world—of five guineas and an half, and half a crown!"—"Dear Sir," replied Mr. Partis, "I hope you are mistaken; do not make yourself uneasy."—"O! no, no;" rejoined the old gentleman; "it's all true: and really Mr. Partis, with such a sum—I should have liked to have seen the end of it."

"This unfortunate sum was found a few days after in a corner behind the window shutter."

We are now brought to the last flickering of this singular life—it is the inconstant dying flame on the save-all!

"For six weeks previous to his death, he had got a custom of going to rest in his clothes as perfectly dressed as during the day. He was one morning found fast asleep betwixt the sheets, with his shoes on his feet, his stick in his hand, and an old torn hat upon his head.

"On this circumstance being discovered, a servant was set to watch, and take care that he undressed himself; yet so desirous was he of continuing this custom, that he told the servant, with his usual providence about money, that if he would not take any notice of him, he would leave him something in his will.

"On the 18th day of November, 1789, Mr. Elwes discovered signs of that utter and total weakness, which, in eight days, carried him to his grave. On the evening of the first day he was conveyed to bed—from which he rose no more. His appetite was gone—he had but a faint recollection of any thing about him; and his last coherent words were addressed to his son, Mr. John Elwes, in hoping 'he had left him what he wished.' On the morning of the 26th of November, he expired without a sigh!—with the ease with which an infant goes to sleep on the breast of its mother, worn out with 'the rattles and the toys' of a long day."

We forbear extracting the Major's moral reflections on the close of this extraordinary creature's existence. They are just such moderate thoughts as would intrude themselves into the mind of a country gentleman, on the death of a very aged acquaintance. We have also pretty well consumed all our own ideas in the course of this long article!—The life of Mr. Elwes, we think tolerably well supports the notions we entertain, and have ventured to express, respecting avarice.

The Major has written his little book in a very agreeable style:—Horace Walpole used to say of it, that it was the best collection of genuine anecdote he knew. It has gone through eleven editions.

The dedication to Sir Paul Joddrell, physician to the Nabob of Arcot, is at once affectionate, complimentary, and concise;—the best ingredients of which a dedication can be composed. The preface is also pithy and pleasant, and it mentions the fact of the author having presented the work to his bookseller, which was no unhandsome gift.

The picture prefixed to the work, represents a pike-like person and visage of John Elwes, Esquire,—thin and nipped, like life! The purse is open, and the guinea is in his hand:—These are defects! We know not whether phrenologists have a cast of this mar-

vellous man's head,—but there is a very singular bump at the back part of it, which we dare say would, on minute examination, turn out to be an organ—and a *grinding* one too, we dare warrant!

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

THE TRAITOR'S GRAVE.

"With fairest flowers,

Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,

I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack

The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose."—SHAKESPEARE.

BENEATH the shelter of a hedge, in a meadow, a short distance west of Cardiff Castle, may (or *might* at least a few years ago,) be seen a small mound of earth, ornamented during the months of spring and summer, not only with the choicest flowers of the field, but also with many others which serve to decorate the gardens of the peasant; the cowslip, the primrose, the violet, and the wall-flower, flourished in wild, but neglected luxuriance; while the rosemary and southernwood, and thyme, loaded the air with their powerful perfume, and served to embellish the spot during those months when the charms of their less hardy companions had shrunk before the chilling blasts of winter. No person claimed them as his own, or attended to them as they appeared; and both the flower and shrub seemed to spring into existence, apparently for no other purpose than

"To waste their sweetness in the desert air."

It is true they escaped not the sharp eye of the schoolboy in his daily rambles, but they remained unmolested even by his thoughtless and all-plundering hand. He would admire them as he passed, or, mayhap, stoop down to inhale more effectually the odour which they emitted—it was all he dared to do, for some invisible being seemed to whisper him "thus far shalt thou go and no farther." Obedient to the voice, he left them where they were, nor ever ventured to gather them, to give them a place in his nosegay. Thus, in the place where they first blossomed, they withered and decayed, no one being found so irreverent as to pluck them, for they were guarded by the spell which superstition frequently casts around the final resting place of man. The spot was known by the name of "The Traitor's Grave," and the circumstances connected with it are thus preserved in the records of tradition.

During the civil wars when the victorious Cromwell, after having brought nearly the whole of England into subjection, by the matchless prowess of his arms, was proceeding with his accustomed vigour to chastise the few bold spirits who were still firmly attached to the cause of the king, in the principality, he met with an unexpected opposition from the Governor of Cardiff Castle, who, notwithstanding the terror of Cromwell's name, sent a bold def-

ance in answer to the herald, who, in the name of the Parliament summoned him to surrender,—“I hold my Castle from the King,” exclaimed the haughty Beauford, “and to him only will I give it up.” Cromwell enraged at this answer, and still more so at the unlooked for obstacle, thus suddenly starting up to cheek, as it were, the rapidity of his conquests, commanded his officers instantly to commence the siege of the place. The command was hardly given ere it was obeyed. The trenches were dug, and batteries erected, with the rapidity which always marked the movements of the rebel army, when headed by the commander, who this day led them on. The works were not begun till some time after sunrise, yet before noon the siege had regularly commenced, and the lofty battlements of Cardiff Castle rung with the sounds of the invader's cannon as they

“Roar'd aloud,
And from their throats with flash and cloud,
Their showers of iron threw.”

The massy walls of the castle however resisted stoutly; and suffered no very material injury, from the repeated discharges of the enemy's artillery, which failed in every attempt to make a breach: thus passed the first day.

On the morning of the second day, the parliamentary general again sent his challenge for them to surrender, but the herald returned with an answer of similar import with the first. Cromwell was not a man who could be induced to waste his time in fruitless parleys; and when he found that threats were unavailable, he instantly had recourse to more powerful arguments. These therefore he ordered once more to be brought into action against the enemy, in hopes that his cannon would accomplish that, which his flag of truce had failed to do,—to bring their garrison to reason. The second day however closed, without bringing with it any greater hopes of success, than that which had preceded, at least it appeared so to the besiegers, who having of late been accustomed to sudden and easy surrenders, began to despair of being able to reduce a fort that had thus for two days gallantly withstood their hitherto irresistible artillery. Even Cromwell himself grew fearful of the event, and could ill brook that a single castle should thus be able to retard his march, and occasion him such loss of time, men, and ammunition. Nor was this all: he beheld with no small degree of chagrin, that the friends of Charles, taking advantage of his present stationary position, were preparing for a vigorous defence, and strengthening their respective castles for this purpose against his approach. The unsuccessful attempt of the second day had indeed so far emboldened some of the more daring royalists, that they ventured under cover of the night, to attack his very camp, succeeded in driving in the picquets, and caused such confusion among the troops, that it was not until Cromwell himself came forward, that the intruders were driven back, and order re-

stored. This unfortunate incident, made him sensible of the awkward situation in which he was placed, and convinced him of the absolute necessity of altering his present plan of action as speedily as possible, as he saw that by occupying his present position, unless the garrison very shortly capitulated, the longer he remained there, the greater would be his disgrace, if, from any circumstance he should be at last compelled to give up the undertaking. He therefore formed a determination in his own mind, of raising the siege on the succeeding night, in case he proved as unsuccessful on that (the third) day as he had hitherto been. He determined however by his conduct, not to give the enemy any ground to entertain such hope, and obedient to his command, upon the appearance of daylight, the batteries were again mounted, and every gun put into requisition. Nothing could possibly have withstood the fire of this day, except the most determined bravery on the part of the besieged; this they happily possessed; and, the military skill shown by their engineers was such, that ere sun set, they had effected the destruction of nearly the whole range of batteries, which had been erected by the enemy, in order to effect a breach. But, unfortunately, this was not done until their own walls were in such a shattered condition, that another such day must inevitably have sealed their fate, by compelling them to surrender whether they willed or willed not.

Under these circumstances, on the part of the garrison, Sir J. Beauford consented after much solicitation, to call a council of the officers who composed it, in order that some measures for their mutual safety might be speedily adopted in the present emergency; for the ramparts had given way in several places, and it would be vain to attempt a resistance, should the enemy endeavour to force an entrance, as breaches were visible in every part of the fortifications. The approach of night was the only thing which prevented them taking immediate advantage of these circumstances. At the time appointed, the council assembled: despair was plainly depicted upon the features of those who composed it; but at the same time their bandaged appearance, told that they had resolution even in despair. Though each person was in his place, yet no one ventured to break the ominous silence which reigned in the apartments. At length Beauford himself addressed those around him—"Fellow Officers," said he, "This Castle was confided to my keeping by the King, and it is my intention to be faithful to the trust. We have assembled here to consult further means for its safety: to *this* point confine then, your observations and advice, for mark me! the first among you who counsels, or even hints at submission, shall be shot, though that shot were the last in the garrison! We have met here to *defend*, and not to *betray* our trust! and, while two stones hold together, let no one talk of yielding!"—Struck by these remarks, and by the manner in which they were spoken, every one remained silent; for each had, in his own mind, come there for no other purpose than to form some plan for the preservation

of their lives, and if no other could be found to agree to the terms for capitulation, should the castle be again attacked, as it was utterly impossible to defend it longer, and madness to attempt any resistance farther than was necessary, in order to obtain from the victor as favourable terms as possible. The passionate Beauford, as the silence still continued, turned to those around him, and knitting his eyebrows, until his countenance appeared to put on the look of a daemon, giving vent to his rage, exclaimed aloud,—“Was I summoned here to be made a fool of, or, cowards as you are, think you that like yours, my heart harbours thoughts which my tongue dares not express. Begone, I say, to your posts, and leave the care of providing for the Castle's safety to me, since you appear to have forgotten the respect which you owe to your governor, as well as your duty to your King! Begone, I say, begone!” Stung by such unmerited reproaches, a young, but intrepid looking cavalier instantly started from his seat. “A truce to your reproaches, Sir John. That they are unjust, the wounds and scars we bear will testify, and vindicate our honour from the false charge of cowardice. We have neither forgotten our duty to our King, nor to our Governor; but when the latter so far forgets himself, as to accuse those falsely who have cheerfully shed their best blood at his bidding, and neglects to provide for their safety in the hour of danger, it is time they look to themselves. Hear me then, I care not for the effects of your threatened vengeance. I have hitherto fought as becomes a loyal subject of King Charles, but will fight no longer, unless the terms of a surrender be first agreed on, in case the rebels venture to renew the attack to-morrow. Agree to this, and my sword is again at your service, else never. These are my thoughts, nor do I *fear* to utter them; now do your worst!” Beauford, who had with great difficulty retained possession of his seat, till the speaker had concluded, no sooner perceived he had done, than he drew his sword, and rushing forwards, proceeded to put his threat into immediate execution; and most likely Walter Sele would have paid the forfeit of his life for his temerity, had not those around wrested the weapon of death from the hands of the Governor; who, enraged at being thus thwarted, darted from the chamber, swearing he would have every soul of them shot for rebels.

At this time, when the enemy from without, and faction from within, threatened the castle with certain destruction, there were, besides the military who composed the garrison, within its walls, several ladies, whose friends or relatives, anxious for their safety, had placed them there as beyond the reach of danger, upon the approach of the rebel army. Among these was Deva Milton, the orphan daughter of an old Cavalier. No more is known of the maid than that she was fair, whether in the opinion of the world or not, it matters little, it is enough that she was so in the eyes of Walter Sele. To *him* she was “the *fairest* of the fair.” He loved her, and would, like every *true* lover, have risked his life

to serve her. To her little chamber it was he repaired, when released from the duties of the day, and in her company he was glad to forget, for a while, the dangers which surrounded him. Here, therefore, it was, that he hastened upon his escape from the council-room; and here he determined to remain patiently, until informed that the savage rage of the Governor was cooled, and time, by replacing reason upon her throne, should have made him sensible of the error which he had committed. A time, alas! that Walter was not fated to behold.

It appears, however, that he was not the only person among the besieged, who was sensible of the charms of the fair Deva. The commandant himself, who, to his unshaken loyalty, (almost his only virtue,) added all that licentiousness and profligacy which characterized in a greater or less degree, the reign of every monarch of the Stewart line; had also beheld and admired her charms, but alas! beheld, and admired them with the most dishonourable feelings; and he seized what appeared to him a favourable moment, when the officers were engaged on more important matters, to gratify his lust; glorying in the idea that he should, at the same time, by this means, inflict the most cruel of all punishments upon the unfortunate being, who had offended him; and blast forever his brightest hopes, by ruining her, who was far dearer to him than his own life.

Having gained admission into the apartment, he proceeded to flatter and menace by turns, but all in vain. Her virtue was alike proof against both; she upbraided him with his baseness and villainy, and replied to his remarks, with taunts and reproaches. Enraged at her conduct, he seized her rudely, and was proceeding to gratify by force, both his revenge and his passion. His feeble victim shrieked aloud for assistance, but the echo of her voice was the only answer she received. At this crisis the room-door yielded to the strong nerves of Sele, who snatching a pistol from his belt, rushed upon the villain, whom he saw before him, and presented it to his head; but even at this critical juncture he still retained presence of mind, sufficient not to discharge it, lest, by any accident, the contents should injure her to whose rescue he had thus opportunely arrived. Beauford, on feeling so rude a grasp, let go the hold of his intended victim, and turned round to oppose this sudden and unlooked-for enemy. It was now no time for parley. In an instant the sword of each had left its scabbard. "Coward and slave, by heaven you shall not again escape me!" "Neither slave nor coward," exclaimed the injured youth, as he recognised the well-known sound of the Governor's voice, "and that Beauford will soon discover too." Flinging the pistol from his hand, he prepared instantly for the attack. The weapons met with the quickness of lightning, and though the event seemed to all appearance to depend most upon which was the strongest arm, yet the blows, however irregular and fierce, were frequently parried off with great skill, as each in turn became the assailant. The

combat lasted but a few minutes, for the foot of Beauford striking against an iron ring in the floor, he stumbled, when putting out his sword to prevent his falling it snapt, and of course occasioned that which it was intended to prevent. The issue of the strife seemed now determined; but it was not so: for on Sele's springing forward to disarm his adversary, he received the contents of a pistol in his left shoulder, and fell prostrate beside him. A party of the guard who had been alarmed by the noise which the combat had necessarily occasioned, now rushed into the apartment, when Beauford, springing up, commanded them to raise his wounded opponent, and to do as they were bid. He was instantly obeyed, and the soldiers, having bound him as well as they were able, at the moment, followed the steps of their governor, who led the way to the foot of the staircase; where, opening a low and narrow door, he descended a few steps, when a similar barrier opposed them, which was also with some difficulty opened; and the interior of the castle keep presented itself to their view, darker, if possible, than the sepulchres of the dead. Here, just within the entrance, Beauford commanded the men to lay down their prisoner. They did so, and retreated. The door, grating upon its rusty hinges, closed again; and the unfortunate Sele found himself left in a dark, damp dungeon, far from the reach of any human being.

Not having been severely wounded, the coldness of the dungeon soon brought the ill-fated youth to himself again, where seating, (for the place he was in, would not allow of his standing,) himself upon the step on which he had been left, he proceeded to bind up the wound, as well as he was able, with his handkerchief: after which he felt relieved. Perfectly aware from the situation of his prison, that it would be in vain to attempt either by the loudness of his voice, or any other means now in his power, to make his friends acquainted with his fate, he made up his mind to bear manfully his present confinement; encouraged by the hope, that the garrison would soon be obliged to surrender, when, in all probability, he should regain his liberty. But the thought of his Deva being in the power of one whom he was now forced to rank as his bitterest enemy, rushed across his recollection, and almost drove him to distraction. The pain of his wound, and the dampness of his habitation, however, soon made him sensible of his utter inability to be of any service to her by his lamentation; and reason again assuming her dominion, he began to reflect upon the possibility of his being able to escape. At this instant, he fortunately thought of an old tale, which he had heard when a boy, respecting an outlawed chief, who, according to tradition, having been taken prisoner by the lord of Cardiff Castle, and confined in the cell he then inhabited, had effected his escape by means of a secret passage, which he had accidentally discovered. Walter Sele not being of a disposition to give way to despair, while the least glimmer of hope presented itself to his mind, seized eagerly upon this legendary account; and, though not very sanguine in his expectations, deter-

mined at all events to attempt the discovery of the reported outlet, well knowing that the strong holds of the feudal barons, frequently abounded with a multitude of secret posterns, and subterranean passages, for which any person except the original proprietor, would be puzzled to find an use. Groping therefore his way, as well as he was able, he proceeded slowly along, carefully examining with his hands the wall of the dungeon, which ere he had gone very far, became sensibly larger; and he was enabled to stand erect. Still keeping the wall for his guide, he had not proceeded much farther along his dark and dismal track, when he was agreeably surprised on finding himself come in contact with a strong current of air. He now became confident that he could not be very distant from some opening, and the castle clock, which he distinctly heard striking the hour of ten, confirmed him in this opinion. Following the direction of the draft, he soon found that his course was considerably impeded by heaps of rubbish, and large fragments of stone, which had evidently been forced out of their proper place; and he rightly judged, from this circumstance, that here, at least, the enemy's artillery had accomplished their intended purpose. With a light heart, he cautiously removed the huge masses which obstructed his way, and in a short time had the happiness to find himself safe in the moat, on the north side of the castle.

Once more at liberty, he surveyed, as well as the darkness of the night would permit, those parts of the fortress which were near him. Burning with a desire of being revenged on the person who had so basely injured him, in an evil moment, he formed the fatal resolution of betraying the castle into the hands of the enemy; and this resolution was no sooner formed, than he proceeded to carry it into execution. The moat was soon cleared, and finding himself once more on *terra firma*, "It shall be so," exclaimed he,— "Yes, this very night is Cardiff Castle Cromwell's. A few feet of earth removed, admits him to the postern aisle—and once in, Beauford shall then oppose in vain—Deva I yet may snatch thee from the tiger's jaws, and I *will* do so, though I die a traitor." Having with these words turned his back upon the walls, which but a few hours before he had gallantly defended, he sought with hasty strides the camp of Cromwell.

The distance being but short, he soon arrived at the enemy's piquets, by whom, as he did not endeavour to conceal himself, he was of course seized. Having designedly thrown himself within their power, he now merely demanded that he might be led into the presence of the general; with which demand the guards, after first blindfolding him, in order that he might not distinguish the disorder which prevailed around, proceeded instantly to comply.

When ushered into the tent, and permitted again to make use of his eyes, he perceived the ambitious Cromwell seated at a small table, gazing intently upon some papers which lay thereon. On the entrance of the prisoner, however, he raised his head, and attentively surveyed his appearance; and having satisfied himself, in

his usual harsh and abrupt manner, he addressed the following laconic question to him,—“How now, betinselled royalist! your business here?”—“I came to act, and not to parley,” replied the un-intimidated Sele, “to offer to a foe what most he wishes, possession of our castle. If he accept the offer, let him get ready instantly, and trust to the guidance of one who is willing to be his friend *to-night*, even at the expense of honour!” Cromwell, who scarcely knew whether he ought not to look upon his prisoner as a madman, paused, ere he made any reply. However, as the chances, judging from the resistance which the garrison had already made, were so many against his being able to take the place by force of arms, he determined, as a *dernier* resort, to embrace the opportunity which thus offered itself, be the consequences what they might. “Be it so,” was the answer; “he whom you address is always ready, lead on then, but hearken haughty cavalier, should you belie your promise, your life shall be the forfeit.” “Had I been the subject of fear,” replied Walter Sele, “I should not now be in the tent of Cromwell—a truce then to your threatenings! nor think that I betray the royal cause thus basely. Hear then the terms; Nay, frown not! I’ll not be frightened from my purpose by the frowns of any man; and unless my two conditions are agreed to, not all your threats shall make me *even now* turn traitor. My life is in your hands, and you may take it now, at midnight, or to-morrow; but *that* is all you have within your power. Hear me then—I ask but for the life and freedom of the garrison, for every living soul, from the person of the governor, though he is now my foe, down to the meanest soldier that treads along the battlements. That the few females, one of whom is dearer to me than life, shall be secure from the gross insults of your rebel troops. On these conditions only I become your guide!” “Cromwell will pledge his word,” was the reply, “that life and freedom shall be given to all at present within the castle walls; and as for the women, the soldiers of the Parliament, rebel or not, are not the licentious cavaliers of Charles, who need be under no anxiety for the safety of their courtesans. We come to fight with men, and not with women! now are you satisfied?” Sele replied in the affirmative, observing, as he concluded, that he “would trust for once to the *honour* of a roundhead, if such a thing existed.” Cromwell scowled as it seemed as if his guide suspected his intentions, but prudence bade him conceal his rage, and he merely remarked, as he took his pistols from the table, that he might do so safely.

With a chosen body of men, upon whose fidelity he could depend, the usurper committed himself to the guidance of Walter Sele, whom, however, he kept close beside during the march, which, without occupying much of their time, brought them unseen to the opening from which the betrayer had escaped. The men having entered the breach, and being provided with the necessary implements, immediately commenced removing the earth from the spot pointed out to them, while Cromwell and his guide kept

watch without. With such secrecy were their operations carried on, that no person within was in the least degree disturbed by them. Once only (and, that by mere chance,) had they any occasion to be alarmed. An officer, marching to relieve guard, perceiving from the rampart some persons in the moat below, hailed them in the accustomed form—"Who goes there?"—"Friends"—"To whom?"—"To Beauford and the King"—Sele's presence of mind thus extricated them from this danger, for the officer on hearing the pass-word, not doubting but they were sent there by the command of the governor, passed on his way, and left them to proceed with their undertaking, without any further interruption.

The soldiers after having effected an opening in the ground above, were enabled with very little trouble, by means of a temporary ladder, which they formed of the implements, to enter into the postern aisle, described to them by their guide. Here they had both time to rest, and also room enough to prepare themselves for the attack, which it was to be expected they would still have to undertake. At the end of the passage in which they then were, a narrow door was now the only barrier to be removed, ere they effected the object they had so long wished for—an entrance into the heart of the fortress. From its situation, as they could not hope to penetrate this, however trifling it might appear, as silently as they had done the first, they proceeded by one sudden effort to force it open, and by the rapidity of their subsequent movements, to terrify the garrison from making any resistance. Nor were they disappointed, for the door yielding to the first assault, they found themselves in possession of the castle, before many of its inhabitants were even aware of their approach.

* * * * *

When morning dawned, the royal standard of the unfortunate Charles, was not seen floating as heretofore above the lofty battlements of Cardiff Castle; and those who had defended it so stoutly, and so gallantly, had either fallen sword in hand, or had departed to seek for shelter in some other fortress, that was still enabled to keep on high a little longer the well known ensign of fast-falling royalty. One only of the former garrison remained, and he with beating heart and anxious look had twice already explored the intricacies of each apartment, which the castle contained, in search for the object of his every hope and fear, but all in vain. Still coping with the grim fiend despair, he was in the act of doing so for the third time, when summoned, and upon his refusing to obey, forced into the presence of the iron-hearted Cromwell. Forgetting for an instant his private griefs, he stood before the tyrant, with such a noble and majestic mien, as awed all those around; and even the mind of Cromwell *seemed* for an instant to be undecided. But that it was not so in reality, his address to the person who stood before him plainly indicated. "Now then, proud cavalier," cried he, "has not the promise which I made been kept? Has either maid

or courtesan, for whom you dared to insult the troops of Cromwell, been violated? The life and freedom of the garrison was likewise promised, and has been granted. Remember when my word was pledged to this, *thou* wast not one among them, therefore I owe thee nothing, since it was to gratify thy own revenge, and not from love to me, that thou hast betrayed thy party. Had the service which thou hast done us, been done with other motives, I would have thanked thee for it; as it is, I love the treason, but I *hate* the traitor. Take then a traitor's just reward!" Quick as thought, the pistol of the tyrant left its belt,—flashed,—and Walter Sele lay weltering on the ground.

While the soldiers were in the act of interring, at the spot alluded to, in the commencement of this narrative, all that now remained of the once brave but ill-fated Sele, they were disturbed in their work, by the unlooked for appearance of Deva Milton, who rushing eagerly forward, flung herself upon the lifeless corpse as it lay, in the dress it wore while living, upon the green sward. In vain did one, more feeling than his companions, endeavour to soothe her afflictions. Deaf to his consolation, and regardless of all his entreaties, she still clung to the object of her affection with such vehemence, that the men had some difficulty to tear it from her grasp, and even then, two of them were obliged to force her from the spot, while they unfeelingly consigned it to its "mother earth." But immediately on the departure of the soldiers, after their having closed the earth, she returned again to search for her lover, exclaiming in a wild and incoherent manner, that she had "*found* her Walter," but alas! fair maid, she had *lost* her reason.

Poor Deva lived for many years,—lived to decorate the grave of him she loved, with the choicest shrubs and flowers which she could gather together. When the frosts of January threatened them with destruction, she would carefully cover them with straw, to be blown away perhaps by the next gust of wind; and when the clouds of Autumn withheld their accustomed tribute, *she* did not forget to water them. Summer and winter, day and night, sunshine and rain, were all alike to Deva: she appeared equally insensible to each, as she sat upon a stone, which her own hand had placed at the head of the grave, and sang her favourite and never-varying ditty of

GALLANT WALTER SELE.

O'er Walter's bed, no foot shall tread,—
Nor step unhallowed roam,—
For here the brave has found a grave,
The wanderer a home.
This little mound encircles round
A heart that once could feel,
For none possess'd a warmer breast,
Than gallant Walter Sele.

The primrose pale from Dyfrain vale,
Though spring shall sweetly bloom,—

And here I ween the evergreen
Shall shed its death perfume;
The branching tree of rosemary
The sweet thyme shall conceal,
But both shall wave above the grave,
Of gallant Walter Sele.

They brand with shame my true-love's name,
And call him traitor vile,
Who dar'd disclose to Charlie's foes,
The secret postern aisle.
But tho' alas that fatal pass
The traitor dar'd reveal,
He ne'er betray'd his maniac maid,—
My gallant Walter Sele.

Reader, if thou believest not the above account, search, I beseech thee, the pages of history, and be convinced for once of the truth of Tradition! HAL.

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.

The Blank Book of a Small Colleger. 12mo. pp. 142. London, 1824. T. Boys.

THIS is a collection of sixteen slight tales, with one or two exceptions of indifferent style, told in an agreeable manner; though several of them want novelty, and an occasional anachronism betrays the writer to be more juvenile than his assumed character. We select the following, to exemplify his talent.

"*A Constitution.*—What a blessed thing is a Constitution! Like Charity, 'it covers a multitude of sins,' and I scarcely know how some people would balance their accounts with heaven, did they not put to the credit side, their Constitution. Go where we will, this most potent plea meets us. My particular friend, Delaware, but a day or two since, when the Churchwardens told his father, 'that the additional rates were owing to his own son, for he had seduced almost every girl in the parish,' assured his dad, with the most enviable equanimity, that he 'was a libertine from constitution rather than from vice!'

"Again. There was a Mrs. Hill of Wakefield—the head of the Lying-in-Charity, and a *very ingenious lady*—who had her *constitutional weakness*; and a queer one, beyond controversy, it was. Though a woman in very easy circumstances, she could never resist, on entering her milliner's shop, purloining some bit of finery which struck her fancy. The milliner was sorely perplexed at the regular disappearance of remnants of lace—French kid gloves—and superfine silk stockings, after Mrs. Hill's visits, and had long puzzled her brains to no purpose; till accident, one morning, discovered the thief. Unwilling to lose her property, and equally unwilling to lose a good customer, with the true sagacity of a *Marchande des Modes*, she determined on adding the lost articles to Mrs. Hill's account, and silently awaiting the result. The stratagem succeeded. The bill was paid, and no questions were

asked. But in an evil hour, Mrs. Hill ventured to practise her pranks in a strange shop, the owner of which, unlike the complaisant Miss Weathercock, acquainted Mr. Hill with the fact, and rudely threatened to prosecute his lady. Mr. Hill listened to the story with Quaker-like calmness, and with a dry hem exclaimed, 'It was constitutional—quite so?'

"Others have a constitutional propensity to laugh at 'any thing dreadful;' and from being thus naturally blessed, Etheridge, a college chum of mine, lost *only* ten thousand pounds! His uncle awoke him one morning, and told him, with a face of horror, that his grandfather had been found dead in his bed. The expression of his uncle's phiz—the red velvet night cap which adorned his brow—the shiver of his whole frame, which made his teeth rattle like the keys of an old harpsichord—combined with his constitutional propensity, to make my unlucky friend roar again. The old bachelor, thunderstruck, left the room; took out his *bene decessit* a few months afterwards; and by his will left his nephew—five guineas for a mourning ring!

"Then there are constitutional liars—men, who, without any advantage to gain, or any end to answer, indulge in the most palpable falsehoods. Under this description come two brothers whom I once met. The one had travelled, and had seen more prodigies than any tourist before or after him; the other was a man of *bonnes fortunes*, and had been on intimate terms with every beauty in Europe. The first declared he had *seen* water boil till it was *red-hot*—manfully stood to his assertion before a large party—and because one gentleman in company expressed his doubts respecting the phenomenon—fought a duel to *prove* it! The other carried his constitutional weakness still farther: for he made his last action, on earth, constitutionally in keeping with the rest of his life. A few hours before he died, he summoned a particular friend to his bed-side, and in a voice tremulous with approaching dissolution, entreated him to be a guardian and a father to a little boy whose mother was a beautiful girl of high rank. To her he gave him a letter, beautifully and pathetically worded, and filled with the most familiar and endearing epithets, authorizing her to surrender his child to his friend. Firmly believing the dying man's statement, the friend, after following him to the grave, hurried to Harley Street, and with considerable difficulty, obtained an interview with the lady:—delivered the letter:—and begged to be favoured with her commands. The scene may be more easily supposed than described, when I add, that the Earl's daughter—for such she was—amazed at its contents, summoned one of her brothers to unravel the mystery;—and that a duel had very nearly been the result. It was, at last, proved, beyond all question, that the lady had been absent from England during the whole period to which the letter referred—that she could not possibly have ever known the writer—and in all human probability, was utterly ignorant that such an unprincipled being was in existence.

"Again. I have heard it asserted, 'tis years ago!" of an old naval officer, who was an ornament to his noble profession, and had a heart that did honour to human nature—that he lived swearing, died swearing; and it was shrewdly suspected by his men, had been born swearing! A few hours before his last action, he called both his eyes and his blood to witness, that he could not live an hour without swearing,—could not fight his ship without swearing,—and finally ended with, 'By —— it's constitutional with me, it's in my blood!"

"But how does it happen that the case is so seldom reversed? Rarely, very rarely, does Constitution get the credit of our virtues. I never heard of a lady owning that she was constitutionally chaste—a Clergyman, that he was constitutionally pious—a Whig, that he was constitutionally patriotic—or a Fellow of a College, that he was constitutionally abstemious. O, dear, no! All that is *Principle*. We claim for ourselves all the credit due to our virtues, while we burden our Constitution with our vices; and it seems most happily ordered, that every creature, under heaven, has some failing with which he can charge his Constitution.

"To be sure, here and there, one lights upon an exception. For instance, my hypochondriacal neighbour, who can eat, drink, sleep, and talk;—owns a face like a dairy-maid; and a corporation only second to that of Sir William Curtis; has, to my certain knowledge, been in a dying state for the last five years, owing to 'a complication of disorders.' Wretched mortal! he has deprived himself of the most availing plea for ever. He told me, this morning, with a countenance that would have made a mile-stone melancholy, that 'it was all over with him—his case was decided on—Pelham Warren had only just told him, he could do nothing more for him—HE HAD NO CONSTITUTION AT ALL!"

FROM THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

MRS. GRAHAM'S VOYAGE TO BRAZIL.*

THE Doris sailed from England in 1821, and arrived at Madeira after a short voyage. Here the good effects of the revolution were discovered in the greater freedom of the inhabitants, and the greater prosperity of trade. It is remarkable how rigidly all the petty colonies, both of Portugal and Spain, were made subservient to the interests of the mother country, and broken down under the oppressive weight of monopoly. In Madeira, the sons of the best families were dragged away as conscripts, to recruit the armies of Portugal in Europe. All manufactures, even of the coars-

* Journal of a Voyage to Brazil, and Residence there, during part of the years 1821, 22, and 23. By Maria Graham, London: Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, Paternoster-row; and J. Murray, Albemarle-Street. 1824.

est articles, were prohibited; the very torches, made of twisted grass and rosin, indispensable in the mountain roads after dark, were all sent from Lisbon; and every species of cultivation, but that of the grape, was discouraged. The consequence was, that all classes joined heart and hand in the revolution. It is singular what an indispensable accompaniment of freedom the diffusion of knowledge is reckoned: formerly there was no printing-press in Madeira, but the promoters of the revolution immediately sent for one, and a newspaper was published.

The ship arrived about the 22d of September at Pernambuco, while the town was in a complete ferment, and in a state of siege from the patriots. This did not, however, deter our fair traveller from going ashore into the town, where every thing wore the aspect of war. At the end of every street was a light gun, and at the heads of the bridges two, with lighted matches by them. There were also numerous guards stationed at different points; and the shop-keepers, who were all zealous in defence of the town, as supposing it would be plundered, and whose shops were shut, were all under arms. Here Mrs. Graham was sickened with the first sight of a slave-market, which she describes in the following terms:

"We had hardly gone fifty paces into Recife, when we were absolutely sickened by the first sight of a slave-market. It was the first time either the boys or I had been in a slave-country; and, however strong and poignant the feelings may be at home, when imagination pictures slavery, they are nothing compared to the staggering sight of a slave-market. It was thinly stocked, owing to the circumstances of the town; which caused most of the owners of new slaves to keep them closely shut up in the depôts. Yet about fifty young creatures, boys and girls, with all the appearance of disease and famine, consequent upon scanty food and long confinement in unwholesome places, were sitting and lying about among the filthiest animals in the streets. The sight sent us home to the ship with the heart-ache."

Mrs. Graham and her husband dined with the Portuguese Governor of Pernambuco, M. de Rego, who had served along with the Duke of Wellington, with great credit, in the Peninsula. They were very politely received, and kindly entertained, and in the drawing-room, which was a handsome, comfortable apartment, furnished with blue satin damask, they had excellent music; Madame de Rego had an admirable voice, and there were several good singers, and players on the piano, so that they passed a more pleasant evening than they had expected in Pernambuco, especially in a state of siege. A compromise having taken place between the Governor of Brazil and the patriots, all the occupations of peace, which had been suspended by the war, were resumed with new vigour, and the roads were seen crowded with negroes, and others bringing loads of produce to market. There are in Pernambuco, including Olinda, 70,000 inhabitants, of which not above one-third are white. The same base distinctions prevail here as in all communities where there is an intermixture of black blood; a Portuguese would rather ally his family in marriage with the meanest European clerk, than with any native Brazilian, however wealthy.

These odious preferences have their origin in the unjust degradation of the many, by the few; but when the foundation on which they rest is withdrawn, the superstructure will naturally moulder away, and the road to honour being opened to all, by an equality of political rights, society will be moulded into one harmonious mass, where every man will be rated, not by the caprice and unjust prejudices of others, but by his own merit. Colour, the imprint of Nature, will no longer be raised up as an insuperable bar to merit; there will be fair play for all classes; on the wide arena of free competition, the great prizes of society will be held out to all, and every man will naturally rise to the level of his capacity or worth.

Mrs. Graham left Pernambuco on the 16th of October, firmly persuaded that this part of Brazil will never again tamely submit to Portugal, and that if the independent cause gained ground under the firm and prudent administration of De Rego, no other Governor would have the least chance of repressing it. Brazil, increasing in wealth and population, and also, though slowly, in intelligence, will no longer submit to be merely a taxable province of Portugal; and having now tasted the sweets of independence, it will not be possible to wrest the cup from her hands.

Bahia, before which the *Doris* arrived on the 17th of October, has a magnificent appearance from the sea, crowning, as it does, the ridge, and extending along the declivity of a very high and steep hill, with the spaces between the white houses clothed with all the rich vegetation of a tropical climate. But the lower town (for it is divided into upper and lower) is as disagreeable as filth, and narrow and dark streets, can make it. The following is the description of what Mrs. Graham saw on her first landing:

"The street into which we proceeded through the arsenal gate, forms, at this place, the breadth of the whole lower town of Bahia, and is, without any exception, the filthiest place I ever was in. It is extremely narrow, yet all the working artificers bring their benches and tools into the street: in the interstices between them, along the walls, are fruit-sellers, venders of sausages, black-puddings, fried fish, oil and sugar-cakes, negroes plaiting hats or mats, caderas, (a kind of sedan chair,) with their bearers, dogs, pigs, and poultry, without partition or distinction; and as the gutter runs in the middle of the street, every thing is thrown there from the different stalls, as well as from the windows; and there the animals live and feed! In this street are the ware-houses and counting-houses of the merchants, both native and foreign. The buildings are high, but neither so handsome nor so airy as those of Pernambuco."

Mrs. Graham gives a very indifferent account of the manners and domestic habits of the Brazilians. On making calls at several houses, she found them disgustingly dirty; the women dressed after the most slovenly, unbecoming, and indecent fashion; with hair black, ill-combed and dishevelled, or *en papillote*, and the whole person having an unwashed appearance. Education is at a very low ebb; and those who rise above the common level are flushed with all the pertness and conceit of new acquirements. They read Voltaire and other French writers, imbibe all their irre-

ligion, and are forward to show it as a mark of their superior acquirements. The police of the city is also in a most wretched state, and nightly murders occur frequently;—they are calculated to amount to about 200 in a year. Owing to the narrowness, as well as darkness of the streets, the murderer almost always contrives to escape. The civil institutions of society seem to be in an equally low state. There is no adequate protection for life or property; no tribunals, apparently, to which an easy appeal can be made, or an easy redress afforded for injuries to either. The master of police, by a singular confusion of ideas on these matters, is the supreme judge in criminal cases; and there is no law to determine the limits of his power, or to restrict it. He is in this manner a sort of military despot, and can enter any private house with his gang, on receiving information, which may be private and malicious, against the owner. If the master, in this case, escapes imprisonment, it is well, but the house rarely escapes pillage. Persons accused before this formidable officer may be imprisoned for years without the possibility of redress. This shows to what a low ebb the civil policy of the country has been brought, under the long reign of despotism and ignorance; and what a necessity there was for the present revolution, which, it is to be hoped, will, among its other good effects, lead to a thorough reformation of those abuses, and spread through the country a taste for the blessings of a well-regulated liberty.

The state of the military force, for the defence of the town, is respectable, the zeal of all ranks for independence having recruited the ranks of the militia,—for the people have every where come forward to fight for their newly-acquired freedom. There are, in the city of Bahia, of which the population amounts to 100,000 six corps of militia, one of gentlemen cavalry, one of flying artillery, two regiments of whites, almost all trades-people, one of mulattoes, one of free blacks, amounting altogether to 4000 men. There is, besides, the country militia, amounting to 11,000, many of whom are well trained, and altogether would constitute a formidable defence against any invading force. Every man, by the law, is a soldier, and bound to take arms in defence of the country; and the zeal of the people co-operating with the law, an efficient force is thus always ready to take the field.

Society here, according to Mrs. Graham, is but in a low state. Knowledge and refinement are wanting to impart to social intercourse that charm which it possesses in Europe. The English merchants residing at Bahia are intent on commerce, and know nothing beyond the price of sugars and cottons. Evening parties are most common, and all classes are given to deep gambling. This passion has the worst effects. It gives the last coarse finish to society, and excludes all more refined enjoyments. Music and dancing are sometimes resorted to; but, on the whole, Mrs. Graham's picture of Bahia is by no means an engaging one.

The revenue is derived from a land-tax of one-tenth of the pro-

duce, and from a tax on provisions, on imports and exports, and harbour dues. The taxes on provisions, such as beef, fish, vegetables, &c., are farmed out; and thus a bad tax is rendered worse, by the mode of collecting it. The public markets must be thus subject to the tax-gatherer's visits, and it is easy to see what a drawback this will be on these transactions. In short, there is a want of order and skill in every department of the public management. The slave-trade flourishes here without any check. Within the year, no less than seventy-six slave-ships were fitted out for the coast of Africa; and it is extremely difficult to put down the trade, the system of false papers has come to such perfection. A slave-owner reckons himself fortunate if one cargo in three arrives safe; and eight or nine successful voyages are sufficient to make a fortune. The horrors of the middle passage are well known. Mrs. Graham gives, from a statement that appeared in the Bahia newspapers, an account of the casualties in five slave-ships, from which it appears, that out of 1574 slaves, about 374, or more than one in five, died in the passage. From the account of such mortality, the sufferings of all may be easily imagined. These blacks, when they are landed, depend, of course, on the temper of their master for good or bad treatment. When they are purchased by cultivators, and sent to live and work on their sugar farms, their situation is frequently comfortable and happy, and they enjoy, in their little huts, a few of which were visited by Mrs. Graham, something like the blessings of freedom, as well as the family ties of domestic life. This, however, is a rare chance. They may be purchased by a master who hires out their services as porters, labourers, &c., and who may treat them with great cruelty;—and for this there is no remedy.

While at Bahia, a man belonging to one of the British vessels was murdered when on shore. He happened to be standing at the door of a drinking-house, where a quarrel had taken place between some sailors and one of the natives, who, drawing out a knife, rushed out of the house, and seeing the British sailor in his way, and imagining he wished to stop him, or belonged to the party with whom he had quarrelled, he stabbed him to the heart. The corporal of marines, who was present, instantly seized him, and was severely wounded in the affray. Such is the wretched state of the police, that similar acts of atrocity are very common. They show also a very depraved state of morals.

At Bahia they showed a great jealousy of foreigners, and would not allow any of the English to enter into their public buildings. The theatre is handsome, and very commodious. The actors were bad, and the singers little better; but the orchestra was respectable. Mrs. Graham met one evening at the English Consul's a large party of Portuguese and English; and in the well dressed women whom she saw there, she had great difficulty in recognising the slatterns she had observed on the morning before. The ladies were dressed after the French fashion: corset, picture, garniture—all

was proper, and even elegant; and there was a great display of jewels. The English women, however, bore away the prize of beauty and grace; for the elegant clothes worn by the Portuguese did not sit easy on them, not being accustomed habitually to wear them. The Portuguese men, Mrs. Graham remarks, have a mean look, and never appear to have received any education beyond what is necessary for the counting-house; and their whole time is spent between trade and gambling. There was a bolder spirit of republicanism at Bahia than at Rio Janeiro; the Journals spoke out more plainly; and the desire for independence, and the resolution to possess it, appeared to be universal.

Mrs. Graham arrived at Rio Janeiro in the middle of December, and she gives the following fine description of the bay of Rio Janeiro:

"Nothing that I have ever seen is comparable in beauty to this bay. Naples, the Firth of Forth, Bombay harbour, and Trincomalee, each of which I thought perfect in their beauty, all must yield to this, which surpasses each in its different way. Lofly mountains, rocks of clustered columns, luxuriant wood, bright flowery islands, green banks, all mixed with white buildings,—each little eminence crowned with its church or fort,—ships at anchor or in motion,—and innumerable boats flitting about in such a delicious climate, combine to render Rio de Janeiro the most enchanting scene that imagination can conceive."

At Rio Janeiro, as an extraordinary instance of the gross stupidity, negligence, or corruption, which prevailed in the public management, a monopoly of butcher-meat was established; and this most important article of provision could only be supplied by one butcher, of whom any individual who wished to kill for himself was bound previously to ask leave, and to pay for the indulgence. From this fact we may guess how the public interest would be sacrificed to the base ends of interested individuals. Such an abuse could not exist for a moment in any country with the least pretensions, not merely to a free government, but to any sort of political improvement. It argues a total destitution of any thing like common sense, or a regard for justice. The consequence of this odious monopoly was, that the butcher-meat was bad, but Mrs. Graham says it was cheap. She means, of course, that it would have been cheap if it had been good; but meat so bad, that it can hardly be used for soup, must be dear at any price. One of the first effects of a change of government was the reformation of this abuse; and thus we find, that whenever reformation begins, it is the signal for the disappearance of all those old abuses and corruptions which seemed so congenial to the old despotism—which was, in fact, the pestilential air they breathed, and which gave them all their nourishment and life. All other articles, which were not objects of monopoly, such as vegetables, poultry, and fruit, were good. Pork was excellent, the hogs being fed principally on mandioc and maise, and on the sugar-cane. Fish was not so plentiful as might have been expected; but oysters, prawns, and crabs, were as good as in any part of the world; and, on the whole, Rio Janeiro is considered by Mrs. Graham a good place to live in. They have excellent

wheaten-bread, made of American flour. The great article of food is the mandioc meal, or *farinha*, which is made into cakes, and used universally at the tables of the rich; and by the poor also in every form, such as porridge, brose, bread, &c.

The city of Rio Janeiro much more resembles a European city than Pernambuco or Bahia. The houses are three or four stories high, and some of them handsome. The streets are narrow. There are two very handsome squares; and, since the opening of the free-trade, new and wide streets are spreading out in every direction. There is, in the city, an air of bustle and activity quite refreshing to European eyes, though the Portuguese regularly take their siesta after dinner. The negroes look cheerful and happy; they are in full employment, and good pay, and are as little like slaves as possible, except when the slave-market is passed; on either side of which are magazines, or warehouses of new slaves, where these wretched creatures are exposed to all the miseries of scanty diet, brutal examinations, and the lash liberally administered at the caprice of their tyrants. The country round is luxuriant and beautiful, and is studded with villas in every variety of picturesque situations. Gardens of plantains, oranges, and other fruits, surround the country houses. Brazil is particularly rich in creeping-flowers and shrubs; and these are mingled with the orange and lemon blossoms, and the jasmine and rose from the east, till the whole forms one thicket of beauty and fragrance. The botanical gardens were visited by Mrs. Graham. These were destined by the King for the cultivation of the oriental spices and fruits; and, above all, the tea-plant, which was brought from China with several Chinese families accustomed to its culture. It thrived extremely well; but the plants cost such expense that they were afterwards abandoned by the New Government of Brazil, the only unwise act which they appear to have committed. These plants might, in their first culture, have cost some expense; but when the great advantage of naturalizing the tea-plant is taken into consideration, this expense was not worth putting in the balance with the wealth that would have accrued to the country from this source. It is much to be regretted that this experiment of cultivating the tea-plant in Brazil should have been given up, when, with a little perseverance, it had every prospect of success.

We have the following moving description of the slave-market at Rio Janeiro:—

"I have this day seen the Val Longo; it is the slave-market of Rio. Almost every house in this very long street is a depot for slaves. On passing by the doors this evening, I saw in most of them long benches placed near the walls, on which rows of young creatures were sitting, their heads shaved, their bodies emaciated, and the marks of recent itch upon their skins. In some places, the poor creatures were lying on mats, evidently too sick to sit up. At one house, the half-doors were shut, and a group of boys and girls, apparently not above fifteen years old, and some much under, were leaning over the hatches, and gazing into the street with wondering faces. They were evidently quite new negroes. As I approached them, it appears that something about me attracted their attention; they touched one another, to be sure that all saw me, and then chattered in their own African dialect with great eagerness. I went and stood near them, and though certainly more dis-

posed to weep, I forced myself to smile to them, and look cheerfully, and kissed my hand to them; with all which they seemed delighted, and jumped about and danced, as if returning my civilities."

The importation of slaves is a great trade at Rio Janeiro. It is prosecuted with much ardour; and it appears, from accounts furnished to Mrs. Graham, that the numbers brought from the coast of Africa, into this port, in 1821, were 21,199; and in 1822, 24,934 slaves. The difficulty of preventing this trade is great. Not only are the Europeans deeply interested in its continuance, but slave-stealing is the principal trade of central Africa. Many of the most powerful nations of the interior derive all their wealth from this source, and they eagerly conspire with the foreign traders on the coast to perpetuate this odious traffic. The British have drawn upon themselves, by their known hostility to this system of violence and cruelty, the hatred both of the Europeans and the Africans, who profit by it. The murder of one of the sailors who landed from the *Doris* was traced to this cause, and there is little doubt, that to the same cause may be traced the war that is now begun with the Ashantees, so fatally for the British troops. Where so many interests concur to perpetuate this abuse, it is not easy, by any system of maritime vigilance, to put an entire stop to it.

Mrs. Graham, after sailing from Rio Janeiro, doubling Cape Horn, and residing some time in Chili, returned to Rio Janeiro along with Lord Cochrane. It was in this voyage that she lost her husband, of which circumstance we have a very affecting account. She noticed, on her return, a decided improvement in the manners of the Brazilians, which they had, no doubt, contracted from the continued residence of the court among them. We have, in this second journal, an account of the political transactions in Brazil, and of its final separation from the mother country. In these the new Emperor, Don Pedro, uniformly took the lead, and conducted matters with great steadiness and propriety, though frequently placed in rather a critical situation. By his conduct, accordingly, he had made himself exceedingly popular; and at the theatre, where Mrs. Graham frequently saw him, he was received with the most unbounded acclamations from all classes. Here the popular spirit, in favour of independence, was also strongly manifested, and broke through all control. Nothing went down but patriotic songs, and independence or death became the favourite sentiment. Don Pedro, now declared Emperor, far from discouraging this decided expression of the public sentiment, heard it with approbation; and when he was recalled to Portugal by the Cortes, firmly disobeyed their illegal mandate, and evinced his determination to stand or fall with his newly-acquired kingdom. He also received Lord Cochrane with the highest honour and distinction, applauded his bravery and his victories, and rewarded his achievements. In short, there was no pledge that he did not give of his attachment to the interests of Brazil, and of his resolution to preside over its destinies, and to lead the way to freedom and independence.

Mrs. Graham gives an amusing enough account of the domestic manners and amusements of the Brazilians. In their entertainments, they are very magnificent; their houses are splendidly furnished, and they wear diamonds, and other precious stones in profusion. At the theatre, one lady made a display of diamonds worth about £150,000. Mrs. Graham gives the following, among other proofs of the inconveniences of slavery. Being at a splendid ball, she observes:—

"I took the liberty of remarking to one of the ladies, the extreme youth of some of the children who accompanied their mothers this evening; and saying, that in England we should consider it injurious to them in all respects. She asked me what we did with them. I told her that some of them would be in bed, and others with their nurses and governesses. She said we were happy in that; but that here there were no such persons, and that the children would be left to the care and example of the slaves, whose manners were so depraved, and practices so immoral that it must be the destruction of the children; and that those who loved their children must keep them under their own eyes, where, if they were brought too forward in company, they at least could learn no ill. I love to collect these proofs of the evils of slavery—even here where it exists in a milder form than in most countries. I left the dancers busily engaged at 12 o'clock, and I heard that they continued the ball until three."

Mrs. Graham, during her residence at Rio Janeiro, was introduced to the Emperor and Empress, of whose personal virtues and agreeable manners she speaks in the highest terms. She appears to have risen into high favour, as she received the appointment of governess to the young Princess, and left Brazil with a view of returning to fulfil this duty to her charge. She went to court on the Emperor's birth-day, and gives the following account of the ceremony:—

"There was little form, and no stiffness. Her Imperial Majesty conversed easily with every body, only telling us all to speak Portuguese, which of course we did. She talked a good deal to me about English authors, and especially of the Scotch novels, and very kindly helped me in my Portuguese, which, though I now understand, I have few opportunities of speaking to cultivated persons. If I have been pleased with her before, I was charmed with her now. When the Emperor had received the public bodies, he came and led the Empress into the great receiving room, and there, both of them standing on the upper step of the throne, they had their hands kissed by naval, military, and civil officers, and private men; thousands, I should think, thus passed. It was curious, but it pleased me, to see some negro officers take the small white hand of the Empress in their clumsy black hands, and apply their pouting African lips to so delicate a skin; but they looked up to *Nosso Imperador*, and to her, with a reverence that seemed to me a promise of faith from them, a bond of kindness to them. The Emperor was dressed in a very rich military uniform, the Empress in a white dress embroidered with gold, a corresponding cap with feathers tipped with green; and her diamonds were superb, her head-tire and ear-rings having in them opals such as I suppose the world does not contain, and the brilliants surrounding the Emperor's picture, which she wears, the largest I have seen."

On the whole, we think it is evident from this work, that the independence of Brazil stands on the solid basis of popular opinion. In short, the banner of freedom and independence waves over the whole continent of South America, and we do not see the least chance of any unfavourable revolution in the affairs of this vast country.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

The Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland, which will speedily be published, will be the most comprehensive, intelligent, and authentic account that has ever been given of that country. The Scenery and Antiquities, the Political History and Ancient Manners, the Language, Music, Economy, and Condition of the People, with many other topics illustrative of this portion of the British Empire, are there treated of in a masterly style. The scientific disquisitions are remarkably clear and popular, and the descriptions abound in passages of picturesque beauty and simple eloquence. The work is by Dr. Macculloch, and dedicated to Sir Walter Scott.

M. Dupuis, his Britannic Majesty's late Envoy and Consul at Ashantee, is about to publish a Journal of his residence in that kingdom, which is expected to throw considerable light on the origin and causes of the present war. It will comprise also his notes and researches relative to the Gold Coast and the interior of Africa, chiefly collected from Arabic MSS. and information communicated by the Moslems of Guinea.

The connoisseurs in good eating will speedily be enlightened in the mysteries of the "Art of French Cookery," by Mr. Beauvilliers, a genuine Parisian Restaurateur.

Among the forthcoming works from Edinburgh are, the Devil's Elixir; the Life and Writings of Dr. Brown; Traditions of Edinburgh; Renfrewshire Scenery and Characters, a Poem in 365 Cantos! and translations from the German of Moh's Mineralogy and Goethe's Egmont.

A Chronological History of the West Indies is about to be published by Captain Southey, an officer whose local knowledge and other qualifications must render such a work, at this crisis, particularly interesting. The value of the publication too will be enhanced by the Author's brother, the Poet Laureate, writing an Introduction to the history of each century.

The learned and indefatigable Sir Egerton Brydges has published at Geneva a volume, forming a supplement to his "Res Litterariae," called "Polyanthea librorum vetustiorum, Italicorum, Gallicorum, Hispanicorum, Anglicanorum, et Latino-rum;" consisting of a variety of pieces, one of the most interesting of which is a translation into English by Mr. Swann, Sir Egerton's son-in-law, of Julietta, by Count Louis de Porto.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex has at length completed the new arrangements in his library, which, for biblical and controversial literature, is more curious than any other private collection in England. The Royal Duke has recently added to his literary stores some very valuable manuscripts and illuminated missals, adorned with highly finished miniatures, painted in the best style of the period to which they belong.

The Milton MS. is being printed at Cambridge, and will be published, together with a Translation, under the express sanction of His Majesty.

A volume of the Herculeum MSS. will shortly be given to the public. One *roll*, of Criticism upon Poetry, is said to be very interesting.

Mr. Swanson has in the press a small work on the Zoology of Mexico, containing descriptions of the animals collected there by Mr. Bullock, and intended as an appendix to the Travels of the latter in that country.

An Excursion through the United States and Canada, in 1822 and 23, by an English Gentleman, is nearly ready.

A History of Italy, from the Fall of the Western Empire to the Extinction of the Venetian Republic, by George Perceval, Esq. is in the press.

Specimens (selected and translated) of the Lyric Poetry of the Mine Singers, of the reign of Frederick Barbarossa and the succeeding Emperor of the Suabian dynasty, with historical, critical, and biographical remarks, will be published very shortly.

Tales of a Traveller, by Washington Irving, will appear in a few days.

The Hermit in Italy; or, Observations on the Manners and Customs of the Italians at the commencement of the Nineteenth Century, is announced for early publication.

British Galleries of Art; being a Series of Descriptive and Critical Notices of the principal Works of Art, in Painting and Sculpture, now existing in England, may be shortly expected.